

# The Saturday Review

## of LITERATURE

EDITED BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

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### Women's Men

NO one has ever asserted that woman's taste in males is exactly the same as man's. Do female novelists and dramatists, then, create characters out of their own imaginings, making a literary type or species that differs, if not from occasional reality, at least from what men have made? There are ten women writers now where one wrote before. If it is true that a woman's man is different from a man's man, then sex, in an unexpected sense, is about to modify representational literature.

The first answer to the question is, no. A woman of genius is more than a woman; she sees in three dimensions; her creative faculties are engaged not by man as an opposite animal, but by humanity. She no more writes with her sex than she keeps house by it. A hundred instances rush to the mind of women's men in fiction and drama of all kinds, all types. For every character devised by man some parallel devised by woman can possibly be discovered. The arguments to the contrary have never convinced women, and probably are not demonstrable. Woman, if she has sufficient mental endowment, can do anything in literature that man does, in kind, if not in degree—even write epics and satires. She is unhandy at some of the *genres*, weak in others, but that she can raise her mind above her sex is not to be doubted.

It is not what she can do, it is what she does do that is important. The second answer to the question is, yes; but the affirmative must be understood in a much more subtle and qualified fashion than anti-feminists would approve. Women can and often do make men's men—Miss Sinclair does, Mrs. Wharton and Miss Cather emphatically do, Miss Sheila Kaye-Smith on occasions, Miss Zona Gale not so frequently. But they confess their sex by the gusto with which they emphasize what interests women most in men.

No man, for example, would have drawn with such mingled anger and fascination the Mr. Darcy of Jane Austen. His arrogance becomes something less than intolerable only when he has suffered what is for him the internal disorder of love. Elizabeth's father is rightly amazed at his daughter's yielding. He doubts whether love will cure a snob, and so do male readers. But for Jane Austen the self-sufficiency of this male animal is a challenge. It fascinates her as sin fascinates the New England puritan. If such self-sufficiency is unbreakable, as in the case of Miss Sinclair's Mr. Waddington or the hero of "Vera," the fascination does not lessen; it may increase, and the result is a hate that is emotionally satisfying. These latter gentlemen had some excellent qualities to which a male writer must have paid tribute, but qualifications were burnt away by the women's negative passion of hate, leaving only ideals of the incorrigibly male.

The guilty lover, of course, gets more charity from women than from men, provided that his passion is dominating, fundamental, as with Jane Eyre's Mr. Rochester, or the unhappy hero-villain of "Wuthering Heights." Ethan Frome is not a man's man. One gets a clear impression that neither before nor after the tragedy did he impress the males of the community. He was a silent weak man nagged by a selfish wife—a subject sure to arouse feminine jealousy before a man's interest would be more than mildly stirred. Like Antony, he tried to slay himself in the grand manner, but lived a wreck of the violent incoherence of his

### The Bad Kittens

By ELIZABETH J. COATSWORTH

YOU may call, you may call,  
But the little black cats won't hear you,  
The little black cats are maddened  
By the bright green light of the moon,  
They are whirling and running and hiding,  
They are wild who were once so confiding,  
They are crazed when the moon is riding—  
You will not catch the kittens soon.  
They care not for saucers of milk,  
They think not of pillows of silk,  
Your softest, crooningest call  
Is less than the buzzing of flies.  
They are seeing more than you see,  
They are hearing more than you hear  
And out of the darkness they peer  
With a goblin light in their eyes.

### The Sheep and the Goats

By MARION PONSONBY

SUCH a lot of talk as is going on now over children's books! The public cannot seem to make up its mind about the proper mental pabulum for its young.

How much wisdom is there in this talk that goes on stimulating production, whatever else it does? How much have children profited by the book-fruits of the new psychology?

The individual voice is now finding the opportunity of its life-time through publicity, and certainly, many individual voices have added much that is authentic and delightful to children's literature and its criticism. But the discussion as a whole and the product as a whole seem to me jumbled. When clear tones break through it is because the voice carries some single thought that overleaps confusion. Everyone else goes on talking, talking with a curious indifference to keeping on any given point. Perhaps being broadcast goes to their heads.

But the chief thing the matter, speaking humbly in the rôle of critic, is the public's disregard not of separate points merely but of a basic and fortunately simple line of truth, on the off side of which the bulk of the discussion occurs. This is the author's own sight-line, drawn between him and the objects of his sight, children themselves. It is in effect his own view of children. And it determines the basic truth or falsity of his work. If an author sees children as people, then he will write for them truly in his measure. If he sees children as a separate species from grown-ups, then his work will be falsified at the start, for generally children are people. The line is unavoidable and it divides the books written for children into the sheep and the goats. The quality of any particular sheep or goat is a different matter.

Looked at in this way to begin with children's books, on the good side of the line, at least, really need very little special pleading. An author will submit his work to honest criticism, standing or falling on the merits or demerits of his ability and accomplishment, exactly as though he were writing for grown-ups. The field open to him is different, but good work is good work in whatever field. The capacity and taste of his audience will of course engage his attention, unless he wants to write in a vacuum. An audience of children is perhaps more special than most, but what audience is not special in its demands on the performer? As usual, commonsense and tact will suggest the method of presentation most fitting. Supply and demand can fascinate children when illustrated by the everyday workings of a barnyard, but not in theory. You cannot write often or too directly about any form of heartbreak to a child, yet the realities behind any family situation are certainly apprehended by the child in the house—there is no reason why children's books should deal exclusively with trivial emotions. In short, the writer for children can use any real material (this need not mean realistic) in all the world, provided that the child's mind can provide sufficient context to hold it. And often facts far beyond a child's experience can be transmuted into symbols which fit easily into his pictures of the world as he has known it. It is a little hard for grown-up efficiency to realize that a child's intuitional clearness and directness makes him *better* at essential comprehension

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### Next Week, and Later

On Sappho's Poems. By H. D. Mary Johnston's "The Slave Ship." Reviewed by Henry Seidel Canby.

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own emotions, and was in this a woman's man. So is Antony—but not Hamlet, Bassanio, Macbeth, Lear—which merely proves that Shakespeare was able to create a man to the taste of his Cleopatra. But she is more of a woman than he a man, and he knew it and constructed his play accordingly.

This is no place for the extended reference which so delicate a subject permits. Not much evidence, however, is needed. The female mind in its most characteristic development distrusts and escapes logic. Men argue to justify the beliefs they already hold; women are impatient of logical processes because they wish to realize their desires, not talk about them. They wish, as all creatures wish, a response to what is uppermost in their natures. They rightly regard a man's emotions as more vital for them, if not always more important for others, than his intellect. Suppressed emotions stir them to indignation; emotions uncontrolled are bugles arousing the desire to resist or to conquer; an honest man for them is essentially a man whose emotions are honest.

And therefore whatever characters of the male kind a talented woman may create, her interest will spring more sharply toward the instinctive than toward the rational type. This is true even of George Eliot who elaborated with infinite patience quite unemotional temperaments. Like the English girl who amidst potatoes *au gratin*, hashed, fried, browned, sweet in an American menu would always wish for boiled potatoes too, so woman, in some phase, or percentage, or aspect, or development, will always have her own will with man.



than we are. His practical limitations as a reader, I repeat, are the author's affair, not ours or his.

Once cross the dividing line, however, and writers and readers are everybody's business again. (But at least you have snatched the sheep from the turning!) It must now be kept in mind that the child is a sensitive plant. What do children need, read, heed? Quickly people begin putting their heads together, separating into groups, each with its separate endeavors for the dear children's sake. Often really clever and sincere people spend themselves so disinterestedly! The gabble is easy to forget but waste effort is always tragic. The best effort, on this side of our line, is soon enough falsified by any or all of the characteristic sins of condescension, sentimentality, protection, imitation. . . . Of course, a great deal of children's "stuff" deserves and asks no sympathy, being merely and openly lucrative. Some books are meretricious in paper, binding, pictures, and text. But these are neither sheep nor goats, they are the horned devil himself.

One plague is enough. It is too bad that children's books written for children who are not people suffer from complications of plagues. Sentimentality and protection rush together upon some poor story and out of sheer self-defense it seeks dignity in imitating its betters. But the main lines of falsification are plain, and each claims its followers.

The pseudo book, the almost book, the imitative book all cling to the skirts, usually, of imaginative literature. It is particularly easy to transpose Mother Goose or mumble at length about witches. Easy for publishers, also, to provide a make-up wreathed about with fairies' locks, and very profitable, since adults on purchase bent cannot quickly detect the true from the false in this class. These books that try to be what they are not form perfect regiments, usually in showy uniform. Pictures, often genuine when the text is not, bolster up their confidence. These books must have started with an inferiority complex, so swollen with false pride are they now. Children think they like them, but you usually find them in use when mother is reading aloud. Muddled fancy, lifeless fancy does not appeal to a child.

Probably the very largest class of undesirables are the books that are easy above all else for their dear little readers. These can be spotted at once by the adult, but alas! most fond relatives rest on the dictum: "if a child likes it, it's all right." As a matter of fact, children like anything that swallows easily. For thought is too difficult and unnatural a process to put through unless we want something terribly hard that it can get us, and it is worse for your natural child than for us. Children adore having their upper mind filled by some cheerful tale that asks no questions. These easy books run the gamut of types and subjects, taking particularly to standardized boys' adventures and nature-faking.

The schools of sentimentality and protection combine so often in happy activity that they may be said to form one foundation for the Coddling of the Young. The sentimental story used to provide sugar-coating for moral doses, but now the sugar goes on to information stuff, leaving all the resources of sentiment for the use of Pollyanna herself. Both schools specialize in writing about their everyday lives for smaller folk, just to show how nice a day can be, as a corrective to the demoralizing influence of so many fairy tales, I suppose. Sometimes this realistic fiction is merely sensible and censored, not sentimentalized—triviality, the curse of both these schools, then descends into mere dullness. Optimism is the characteristic quality of most of the sweetness-and-light stuff. Nothing can go wrong. It is not obviously protective, merely oblivious—deliberately oblivious for the sake of our offspring.

The child's literature of fact is very vital and expressed in many excellent books, on the right side of our dividing line nowadays, but on the wrong side it suffers directly from the condescension which brings into being all our herds of goats. The informative books produced by condescension are over-serious, foolishly censored, dull or sugar-coated, perhaps all four. Fortunately, no boy will be fooled into reading all about Holland by a thin sugar-coating of story. Poor pedagogy never does go down with young rascals. Here is a case where the condescender simply misses out on his audience, though mothers go on buying these informational dubs in the fond belief that a fact is a fact, alive or dead.

If only the bad book would miss its innocent

mark more often! The weird part of it all is that the gabblers who stand back of all these falsified books actually think that their half-cooked special diets are saving the young from perversion. Luckily, on the right side of our line, more and more of our best writers are busy putting their best efforts into books for little people.

## Dolittle Once More

DOCTOR DOLITTLE'S CIRCUS. By HUGH LOFTING. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Co. 1924. \$2.50.

STANDARDIZATION has invaded even American letters. If someone writes a book excellent of its kind the cry is immediately for "another just like it." Hugh Lofting in the first of the Dolittle books produced an entirely original illustrated story for children that at once became popular. So intelligent a novelist as Hugh Walpole hailed this nonsense tale as a worthy successor of Charlotte M. Yonge's creations for children and those of Mrs. Ewing and Lewis Carroll. He called it a masterpiece and "the first real children's classic since 'Alice.'" Today Mr. Lofting's "Doctor Dolittle" books, continuing, are serially syndicated by a large metropolitan newspaper, and a Christmas season without a new Dolittle book for the children is unthinkable. Mr. Lofting's fantasy factory is working twenty-four hours a day at full capacity, and overtime. It is not unnatural that this "speeding up" and quantity production of text and pictures has resulted in a decline in the quality of the product. This latest Dolittle, it seems to us, has become rather wooden in execution, both textually and pictorially.

Yet we doubt whether the children who have devoured the animal-loving Doctor's former adventures will be greatly disappointed in this new volume. What children demand principally are familiar characters and plenty of incident. In "Doctor Dolittle's Circus" Mr. Lofting mainly relies upon the excitement of an escape, the escape of Soplino, the seal, in which Doctor Dolittle is the prime mover, to hold the child's attention. His judgment is sound. Escape is one of the few fundamental themes that invariably attract a child. And Doctor Dolittle, his pets, and certain other characters are already old friends. They are surrounded by the glamour of their former exploits. That is enough.

To us, for we have not read any of Mr. Lofting's previous work, there is a deal of plodding to do in reading "Doctor Dolittle's Circus." The humor has seemed to us often quite banal, the style without any distinction, the drawings lacking in that arch spontaneity we once observed in them. We have followed the drawings, at least, hitherto, and—is it familiarity that breeds, not contempt but a more critical attitude toward an amateur technique?—it seems to us that they have come to have a look of the "machine-made."

In 1922, Mr. Lofting won the Newbery Medal for the most distinguished contribution to American literature for children, and the Dolittle books have undoubtedly taken their place among the most popular series for children. They will probably retain that place, just as the books of Ralph Henry Barbour, good, bad or indifferent, retain their hold upon the affections of boys. But it seems to us a pity that a fancy originally so fresh and diverting as Hugh Lofting's should have been bound to the wheel of standardization. He has created his market for one particular concoction and there is a steady demand for it. But now, if he does not take thought, there is the danger of "grinding 'em out" for popular consumption. A decided gift for fantasy handled in the gravely realistic manner that children like can be dulled by too steady exercise. Palmer Cox kept on doing it with the Brownies, Rose O'Neill with the Kewpies. The demand remained remarkably steady, despite lapses of weariness on the part of the creator. But, of course, for the adult a little goes a long way. The great thing about a juvenile audience is that too much can never be enough. Witness the fact that children will demand the same story over and over in exactly the same words. So perhaps, after all, Mr. Lofting knows his audience better than we do. They regard books in a broader, far less critical fashion. Once an author is welcomed to their hearts for one particular antic he can go on repeating the antic almost indefinitely and remain sure of his position. But we believe Mr. Lofting capable of more variousness. Therefore we—one adult—object.

## Two Poems

By WALTER DE LA MARE

### The Blackbird

A poor old Goodie  
Sat by the hearth,  
Cold to the bones,  
From the frost in the earth,  
Under the eaves—  
Goodie nodding and napping—  
Came a beak at the casement  
Tapping—and tapping:  
Dark creeping in;  
The fields all thick  
With hoarfrost: still tapping  
That restless beak.  
But Biddie, as deaf  
As a post, drowsed on  
And at last in the starlight  
The blackbird was gone.  
Three mortal days  
Lagged wintrily through;  
But at midnight on Thursday  
Gone was old Biddie, too.

### The Old Tailor

There was an old Tailor too tired to sew  
So he sang to his fiddle, "Hee, hee! Ho, ho!"  
He frisked and he capered neat corkscrews; he  
pranced;  
He stamped and he flapped; like a madman he  
danced;  
Till his candle bobbed smoke at each note as it came,  
And spat out a spark from the midst of its flame;  
And the Pussycat down by the fire yawled,  
"WOW!"  
A very fine music you're making now!"

## A Medley for Children

NUMBER TWO JOY STREET. A medley of Prose and Verse for Boys and Girls. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1924. \$2.50.

HERE is a book which from its charming jacket to its last page is evidence to the superior abilities of the distinguished group of contributors who have furnished whimsy and pleasing incidents for its columns. A. A. Milne, Laurence Housman, Walter de la Mare, G. K. Chesterton, Hugh Walpole, Hilaire Belloc, Rose Fyleman, Edith Sitwell, to name but some of those upon its title page, write with a grace, a vivacity, and an abundant play of fancy that make of their stories and verses reading that carries the more critical interest of the adult on its current quite as surely as it will the attention of the child. Yet the foolery of a Mr. Milne, or the delicate eeriness of a Mr. de la Mare, though their excellence may be apparent only to the mature, have that simplicity which alone make work appeal to the young. "Number Two Joy Street," like "Number One" which preceded it last year, is a book to add to a well-selected children's library in full confidence that it will take place there with prime favorites.

The death on October 29th, of Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett, removed from the world of letters a novelist whose greatest success and whose most enduring claim to recognition rested not upon her adult fiction but upon a book for children. First issued in 1896 as a serial in *St. Nicholas* "Little Lord Fauntleroy" took the country by storm, not only becoming when published in book form a best seller but fastening upon hundreds of unhappy small boys the fashion of long curls, velvet jackets and lace collars. Even to-day it remains in demand.

Born in Manchester, England, in 1849, she came to America with her mother in 1849, the family settling in Tennessee. From her earliest years she had been fond of writing, and when she was only fifteen actually made her entrance into literature with publication of a story in *Godey's Lady's Book*. From that time until her death Mrs. Burnett continued to produce a succession of books some of which found a wide public and all of which had a circle of readers. Among the better known of her works are "That Lass of Lowrie's," her first novel and her best; "The First Gentleman of Europe;" "The Making of a Marchioness;" "In Connection with the De Willoughby Claim;" "The Pretty Sister of Jose," and "A Lady of Quality."



## History for Young Folk

AMERICA, THE GREAT ADVENTURE. By GEORGE PHILIP KRAPP. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1924. \$4.

Reviewed by ALLAN NEVINS

THIS is in many ways the best book of its kind—it is primarily for young readers seven to twelve—since Edward Eggleston's "First Book in American History." We all know the time-honored method of making history interesting to youngsters. It is to emphasize the scalping, the battles, the dashing exploits of the field, the personal stories of great men; so that the juvenile mind will think of our national record as a series of wars, conducted with picturesque vigor by leaders in heroic attitudes—Washington unsheathing his sword under the Cambridge elm, Taylor calling on Bragg for a little more grape, and Farragut lashed to the shrouds in Mobile Bay. Eggleston tried to get out of that rut by making history a chain of biographies, with the anecdotal material in relief. Professor Krapp is bolder. He has attempted in his handsome octavo of 400 pages to follow the principles which have been given increasing emphasis in our school tests, and to offer beginners an outline of our social as well as our martial and political history; and the attempt has been crowned with a remarkable degree of success.

War is here thrust back to its true place in our national record—perhaps in some instances to less than its true prominence, the Mexican War receiving only a short paragraph. The Revolution and the Civil War are given seventeen pages each. Social progress and industrial development are brought forward to their true position of importance, while our governmental achievements and problems are treated at such length as to make the volume to some extent an introduction to civics. In politics, Dr. Krapp is sensibly content to treat only the very outstanding events. Many of the lesser Presidents appear only in the appendix, and such occurrences as the party struggle over the United States Bank are not mentioned. But we are gratified to find, in the period before the Civil War, comprehensive chapters upon the westward push of population, the extension of highways, canals and railroads, the main industrial tendencies, and the rise of great cities. It is gratifying again, in the period after the Civil War, to find a chapter on capital and labor. All this, moreover, is done in an interesting style. There are some features of the book which might be improved in detail—the unfair and one-sided treatment of the Navigation Acts, for example, is written as if the late Professor Beer had never lived and labored. Many readers will wish that less attention, and less indiscriminating praise, had been allotted Roosevelt. But as a whole the volume is excellent and may be commended to parents who wish to give their younger children something more informal and more informing than the usual text.

## An Antic Picture-Book

TONY SARG'S BOOK FOR CHILDREN. New York: Greenberg, Inc. 1924. \$3.75.

ONE of the most entertaining children's books we have come across recently is this of Tony Sarg's. The author is, of course, the notable illustrator and puppet-master. He has not only written, but lettered and illustrated and supplied the color-scheme for his book. He has designed the cover and end-papers. In several instances he has furnished the book with enjoyable devices, the first appearing on and inside the front cover where interchangeable faces may be applied and the height of a hat increased or diminished with amusing results both from without and within. This is quite in the tradition of the best old illustrated German books for children which so pleased our childhood. And when you come to "Where Is Tommy?" along about the middle of the book a delightful task of cutting and pasting awaits you.

Half of the book is devoted to apocryphal history, concerning Sir Walter Raleigh, Columbus, Napoleon's love of pastry, Demosthenes and Sir Isaac Newton. Mr. Sarg's method is to write a paragraph or so and then burst into a brightly colored sketch. Sometimes these sketches crowd thick and fast between the lines. Capital letters even flourish color. The book leads off with some graphically illustrated episodes in the life of Mary (her prototype being Mary Sarg) and Freckles her dog. Tony Sarg himself is a staunch Nantucketer and

Anne Stoddard, who is another, and the author of a book about puppets, has assisted him with the text of this volume. Nantucket is, quite naturally therefore, the background for Mary's adventures. Next, Little Anne takes her Marionettes to Buckingham Palace, which is followed by a Story without Words and "Where Is Tommy?"

Rarely is a book so all-of-a-piece as Tony Sarg's versatility has enabled this to be; letterpress and decorations make each page a visual pleasure. It is a rollicking book, full of amusement for younger children. Mr. Sarg's draughtsmanship is both sprightly and vivid.

## In the Jungle

HARI, THE JUNGLE LAD. By DHAN GOPAL MUKERJI. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company. 1924. \$2.

Reviewed by HARRY E. DOUNCE

IN telling imaginative tales of a native boy in an Indian jungle Mr. Mukerji may not be challenging the obvious comparison, but there is definite reason to infer that he would relish having us all discover that a Bengali, too, can work magic, and in English, with these materials.

No such discovery is warranted by "Hari," his second book of the kind. Up to a certain point he has the powers of magicians; he is a fluent story-



From "Traveller's Joy," by Dion Clayton Calthrop (Knopf)

teller, he writes with charm, his style and narration are at ease within the requirements of writing for children. But his invention is utterly naive. On me—and, I should expect, on wideawake readers ten years old—the hunting adventures of Hari and his father fail to work, because they are merely "steep" in the Münchhausen way; there have been no exploits to match some of them since the Baron's. And though tales like these are not, of course, to be judged with a literal mind, yet when their content is natural, their method reminiscence and their medium verisimilitude, one may fairly ask regard for the limitations of woodcraft, animal behavior and game shooting.

## This Way to Dreamland

DREAMLAND. Drawings by GERTARIES. New York: Atlantic Book and Art Corporation. 1924.

ONE of the most delightful books for very young children that the present season has brought forth is this volume with its gay illustrations and its removable figures. A panoramic portrayal of a journey to Dreamland, with incidental rhymes to amplify the story set forth by

the pictures, it depicts the happy adventures of a family from the moment of its alighting from a trolley car at the seaside through a succession of amusement park delights. Its brilliant colors, wealth of realistic detail, happy choice of features such as merry-go-round, scenic railway, photographic establishment, circus, restaurant, and boardwalk, and cardboard figures which can be moved about at will, should make this volume a source of genuine entertainment in the nursery. It is a novel production, exceedingly well carried out.

## Tales from the Mabinogion

THE ISLAND OF THE MIGHTY. By PADRAIC COLUM. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1924. \$2.25.

Reviewed by AMY LOVEMAN

NOT children alone but their elders as well owe a debt of gratitude to Mr. Colum for this new version of the famous hero stories of Celtic Britain. Surely here is the perfect welding of interpreter with context—the proper poetic imagination to extract from the tales of the "Mabinogion" the buoyant beauty that as Mr. Colum himself says has hitherto been clouded by difficulties of nomenclature and arrangement. As he has presented the great Welsh stories they move with all the color and vigor of such a pageant as another land and another civilization immortalized upon the walls of a Riccardi Palace. Youth and chivalry and braveness advance to meet the day, and sweep on to its issue. By deft reordering of episode, and wise abbreviation and excision of unfamiliar names, Mr. Colum has so pruned his narrative that its procession of incidents stand out clear-cut and dramatic. Shorn thus of cumbrousness and retaining the dignity of the rhythmical prose of its original translator, Lady Charlotte Guest, with such simplification and poetization as the exquisite taste of Mr. Colum has dictated, the "Mabinogion" in its present version is a work that should take its place in the favor of young readers beside the legends of King Arthur and other classics of childhood.

## Old Favorites

MOTHER GOOSE. Pictures by C. B. FALLS. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co. 1924. \$4 net.

WHO would not be a child again for a day to come into possession of so delectable a volume as this? Here are all the old favorites of our youth, decked out in the gayest and most delightful of raiment, and depicted in the moment of their most characteristic activity. Mr. Falls is happy in his ability to transfer the fun of the jingles to his pictures and his portrayal of such incidents as the dilemma of Doctor Foster who went to Gloster or of King Cole and his fiddlers three at their pursuits, is a perfect accompaniment to the rhymes. Indeed, we know of no Mother Goose that more completely satisfies our conception of what its familiar personages should look like in the flesh. Technically, Mr. Fall's work is worthy of all praise.

"One of the most original play-writers of to-day is Pier Luigi Rosso di San Secondo," says a correspondent of the London *Observer*. "He and Pirandello, both Sicilians, are the leaders of the reaction against the old-fashioned conventional drama, but they pursue their ends by very different means. Pirandello's art is based on reasoning far more than on feeling. His plays are syllogisms in which the developments of the first two acts lead inevitably to the conclusion of the third. Rosso di San Secondo, younger by some years, has not yet got himself so well in hand. With him, poetry, color, and fancy get the better of strict argument. He is carried away by the situations he creates, which give us strange glimpses of unusual happenings in varied surroundings. His characters are often symbols rather than actual human beings; his plays have the whimsical charm of fairy tales or legends.

When his critics say that his work lacks cohesion and that no definite purpose runs through it all, they are right. His plays do not follow one another like pearls, on one string; each is a separate jewel, the outcome of one special moment of inspiration. Another complaint, not unfounded, is that his meaning is often difficult to grasp."



## A Sportsman-Actor

THE TRUTH AT LAST. By CHARLES HAWTREY. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1924. \$5.

Reviewed by J. RANKEN TOWSE

SOMERSET MAUGHAM, the editor of these autobiographical notes, may well have been surprised, as he intimates in his preface, when he realized the nature of the task he had undertaken. He probably expected that he would have to deal with material relating principally to theatrical life and interests. And in this bulky and attractive volume there is, of course, a good deal of reminiscent gossip about the stage, its personages and its vicissitudes, but not much in the way of fact or observation that is fresh or enlightening. Most of it is easy and sufficiently entertaining reading, but it contains more information for the sportsman than the dramatic student.

The fact is that Charles Hawtreay, although he won great successes in his adopted profession, and loved its excitement and associations, had no deep devotion to it. For him it was simply a means of livelihood. He had no lofty artistic aspirations. His real passion was the turf. Horse racing was the supreme joy of his existence and his indulgence in it often cost him dear. But he was a sportsman of the highest type and as popular in the ring as he ever was before the footlights. His was a most winning, if not especially brilliant or effective personality. Handsome, generous, polished, gay and affable, he was a general favorite. Of his defects and foibles he speaks with an engaging candor. Born of an old and distinguished family he was offered every advantage that early training can give. He was at Eton, Rugby and Oxford successively and won distinction at all three, not in the schools, but on the river and the running path and in the cricket and football fields. He had small Latin and less Greek, but a splendid body and unexceptionable manners.

His father, a liberal minded parson, head of a house at Eton, appears to have been a most indulgent parent, who humored his every whim. If Charles ever had any serious intent he had no one to put spurs to it. Energetic in the pursuit of out-door sports he, as he frankly confesses, had no power of application to any other particular end. Like Dryden's Zimri, he was "everything by turns but nothing long." In his early twenties he dabbled a little in preliminary exercises for the church, the law, medicine, architecture and the army, but dropped them, for one reason or another, almost as soon as they were begun. For a brief season he tried tutoring. Meanwhile he attended every race meeting within reach, adding largely to his social acquaintance, and confirming the betting habit which he had formed at school. In horse flesh and all turf matters he soon became more or less of an expert, and for some years he seems to have depended chiefly upon his winnings as a source of income.

For a period he enjoyed novice's luck, but then came a day when he was confronted with the necessity of doing something to earn a living. It was then that, as a last resource, he turned to the stage. Here his wide social connection, fine person, cultivated manner and a distinctive if somewhat narrow vein of natural humor stood him in good stead. He had the usual experiences of the tyro, but they were not prolonged or severe. Soon he was in management and kindly fate threw W. S. Penby and "The Private Secretary" in his way. Not long after we find him with full pockets making holiday in Monte Carlo and Paris. Thereafter, although more than once on the brink of financial disaster and once in the bankruptcy court, he was generally floating easily on a flood tide of prosperity. He was in desperate straits when "Arabian Nights," an adaptation by Sidney Grundy from the German by Moser, restored his fortune, which had been depleted by several theatrical failures, betting losses and the expenses of his racing stable. Later he was to be still more fortunate with "Lord and Lady Algy," "A Message from Mars," "The Man from Blankley's," "When the Rainbow Ends" and various minor successes.

He lived to be almost as great a favorite in the United States as he was in England, and to be recognized everywhere as a performer of remarkable personal charm and beautiful technical finish. But all his triumphs were won in tailor-made drama. He had no versatility, possibly because he never had the training necessary to develop it. In whatever part he played he was the same Charles Hawtreay with the one delightful talent of bland, imperturbable and

infinitely humorous prevarication. He was the stage's most artistic and fascinating liar. His mechanism, in his maturer days, was perfect in its sureness and delicacy, but, in the strictest sense of the word, he could scarcely be described as an actor, and he knew and frankly admitted his limitations. The chief aim of the theatre, in his view, was to provide amusement, and this, indisputably, he constantly furnished. In this way he served his public faithfully and well.

His was not a particularly edifying or fruitful career, but he writes about it very pleasantly, revealing himself as a thoroughly good fellow; a kindly, generous, happy-go-lucky and eminently companionable person, who had many friends and hosts of acquaintances and was his own chief enemy. He talks, with infinite gusto, of equine pedigrees, of ancient turf scandals, of famous jockeys past and present, of touts and stable trials, of the ways of money-lenders and scenes of wild gambling in London night clubs, but in treating of the affairs of the theatre generally confines himself to bare and well-nigh colorless record. He uses his comic vein effectively in relating some of his uncomfortable experiences, while on tour, in some of the smaller cities of the United States, but on these, being of a too familiar kind, it is not necessary to dwell. So far as the theatre is concerned, he has nothing extraordinary, or significant, to tell, but his account of a "vision," which befell him during a dangerous illness in later life and evidently impressed him very deeply, is arresting. As he lay in coma, apparently at the point of death, it seemed to him that he was carried, in spirit, through measureless space, before the bar of divine justice, where he said, "I am sorry not to have done better." Whereupon a voice replied, "Then go back and do better." Then he was borne back to bed and consciousness. This, he says, he never forgot and one may readily believe him.

Hawtreay will live long in the affectionate remembrance of those who knew him. If his death did not eclipse the gaiety of nations, it left the English stage perceptibly duller than it was before. The manner of man he was is vividly set forth in this clearly veracious autobiography.

## The Perfect Imagist

HELIODORA AND OTHER POEMS. By H. D. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. 1924. \$1.50.

Reviewed by LOUIS UNTERMEYER

SO much has been written about the form of H. D.'s poetry that it is no longer necessary to expatiate on the unique features of her metric. Even those least impressed by the program of the Imagists have readily conceded H. D.'s extraordinary achievement of its aims. There is no longer any dispute concerning her exquisite if sometimes too subtle flavor, the stripped purity of her line, the precision and economy of her epithets. Much, as I have said, has been written in praise of her technique. Too much, in fact; for this over-insistence on the shining surfaces of her work has resulted in underemphasizing the inner depths of such volumes as "Sea Garden" and "Hymen."

Such an error in emphasis will be more difficult to make in the case of H. D.'s latest collection. The most apparent feature of "Heliadora"—even more noticeable than its beauties of form—is its intensity. A more freely declared passion radiates from lines which are at once ecstatic and austere. With poems before us as quivering as "Toward the Piræus," the scornful "Helen," the lyrical "Thetis" with its strange modulations on the familiar theme of motherhood, it is obvious that this poet is not—as she first seemed to us—a wood-nymph lost in modernity, a Greek marble faintly flushed with life, a delightful but detached anachronism. This is a woman responsive to color and pain, aroused by loveliness, shocked by betrayal, affected by all those manifestations which are too old to be timely, too fresh to be ancient. These poems make clear the fact that H. D.'s choice of a Hellenic milieu as a mirror for her emotions is no more "archaic" than Robert Frost's choice of blank verse to reflect his New Englanders. Would, I wonder, the personal cry in "The Islands," an earlier poem, have been more obviously poignant if the names of Rhodes, Samos, Naxos and Crete had been changed to Cuba, Samoa, Bar Harbor and Long Island? Has the

poem from which I sever the first stanza less to say to us because it happens to be called "At Ithaca" and because it is Penelope who seems to be speaking?

Over and back  
the long waves crawl  
and track the sand with foam;  
night darkens and the sea  
takes on that desperate tone  
of dark that wives put on  
when all their love is done.

It will be, I imagine, only an insensitive critic or a careless reader who will keep on referring to this poet's "cool harmonies" after the burning speed of "Charioteer," the muffled dissonances of "We Too," the full Sapphic chords of "Fragment Thirty-six."

And yet, though the power of H. D.'s vision is the most important quality of her later work, and though I hesitate to revive the question of her craftsmanship, "Heliadora" marks a great advance even in technique. The predominance of longer poems reveals a far more flexible line than anything the author has previously attempted. Her eye of light and color-conflicts grows keener; her records of the visual world are firm without being static. Never has she made decorations with swifter strokes than "After Troy," "Nossis" and "Lais"—a fragment from which is illustrative:

Did she deck black hair  
one evening, with the winter-white  
flower of the winter-berry,  
did she look (ref of her lover)  
at a face gone white  
under the chaplet  
of white virgin-breath?

Purely as musician, H. D. has reached her highest expression in this volume. Here she develops a fluid rhyming, tentatively begun in the preceding "Hymen," a surprising series of cadences in which assonance is freely used in alternation with the orthodox "matching of sounds." "Holy Satyr" and the rest of the group from the "American Miscellany" exhibit this variation of harmonics, although nothing H. D. ever composed is more moving than the simple progression of the dirge called "Lethe" which begins:

Nor skin nor hide nor fleece  
Shall cover you,  
Nor curtain of crimson nor fine  
Shelter of cedar-wood be over you,  
Nor the fir-tree  
Nor the pine.

There remains to mention two other matters. First, the spirited translations of the portions of the Odyssey, the fragments of Meleager and, most notably, the expansion of a few phrases from Sappho. All of these have been "rendered" countless times before, yet H. D., while preserving their integrity, vivifies them with a life that is no more (and no less) classic than her own. Second, it is good to see the tiny "Oread" where it rightfully belongs. This most-quoted, much-abused example of Imagism has appeared in so many anthologies that it has earned a rest between its author's own covers. Why it took so long to get there is something of a mystery. Here, at last, it belongs to a poet instead of to a movement.

The annual report of the British Museum shows that the number of visitors in 1923, totalling 1,095,353, exceeded all records for at least seventy years. Slightly less than the figure for 1850, the new total has been beaten on one other occasion, the exhibition year of 1851, when more than 2,500,000 visitors were recorded.

## The Saturday Review

OF LITERATURE

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## The Journal of a Hobo

BEGGARS OF LIFE. By JIM TULLY. New York: Albert & Charles Boni. 1924. \$3.00.

Reviewed by JOHN S. MARTIN

OF all the planes upon which human life is lived, one of the least explored by the other plane-dwellers is one that seems to intersect all other planes except the very lofty. Because it passes through the other planes vertically, so to speak, this plane does not appear to other plane-dwellers to be an actual social level at all, but a collection of incidental lower strata upon which a lamentable species of mankind known as tramps drags out a desultory, shifting existence between periods of exaltation to the plane of the poor-but-honest furnace man, the bartender as was, the ditch-or potato-digger. And perhaps, since most inaccuracies arise through attempts at definition, this conception of trampdom more truly represents the actuality than does the conception one gets from "Beggars of Life," where such rules and customs and routes and historical data are set down concerning trampdom that one comes to think of it as a complete world, in some dimension transverse to all other known worlds, an interpenetrant sphere, like the Klan or the world-wide Communist kingdom.

The most unfamiliar aspect of trampdom for emigrants from other worlds to contend with is its utter lack of fixtures in time and space. People in all other walks of life have fairly definite temporal relations—meals, bed, office or engagement hours—and fairly definite contacts with the physical world—a chair to sit in, a bed to sleep in, the dining table, the desk, the street called "my street" and "the house I live in." Even a travelling salesman or a politician has a home or hotel somewhere that is definitely charted as a fixture in his comings and goings.

Not so the hobo. To him time is raw material, unmeasured save by the periodic demands of his stomach and the casual occurrence of train hours. The sun rises and sets, but the hobo neither travels nor eats nor works nor sleeps according to its elevation. His time-world is in flux, and high noon may as well find him "flopping" in a haystack or "empty" as doing anything else. Food being more of a blessed accident than an habitual indulgence with him, he eats without thought for the o'clock nor thought for what o'clock it will be when he eats again.

And spatially, except for the insistent dictates of gravity, which prevent him from jumping up in the air to "flop" out of harm's way and from leaping up into people's kitchen windows for something to eat, he is even more of a free lance. He must be wary in "hostile" towns and in the more carefully guarded confines of society's private property, but otherwise the world is his to move about in. Rather none of it is his, and he is as the beatified man having nothing, unto whom all was to be given. The hobo has no bed, no chair, no table, therefore any chair, any table, any midnight freight-train bed is as good for him as any other. He has but to sit down to be where he was going. He is "at home" beneath his hat.

Sociologically, economically, Jim Tully's book presents stranger stuff for speculation. Imagine being without any personal responsibilities, without a single compelling tie to friend or relative. There are friendships among hoboes, to be sure, but none that infringe in the slightest upon primitive selfishness. It is a graceful thing among hoboes to save a comrade's life or succor him in some faint hour of hunger or sickness, and most of the hoboes Jim Tully remembers would have been thus graceful. But a hand-to-mouth brotherhood lays no constraint or penalty upon its members for services left unrendered. A "wobbly" who wobbles in a moment of trial or sacrifice is regarded as no better and no worse than before. A "jockey," or boss tramp, who mutilates his "punk" or lackey, is not censured by the body vagrant but merely viewed with a certain amount of practical alarm. Virtue, in this social order, has the merit of being entirely positive. Vice is unknown. Similarly, as an economic order, trampdom's normal index figure is zero. Anything acquired goes to profit. Loss is an item unconsidered, unreckoned.

From the nature of its inhabitants, trampdom must remain unknown, in its essence, to the rest of the "doms," even though it impinges upon them continually—now as a stagehand through theatre-

dom, now as a bought vote in lower politics, as a beggar at the backdoor of suburbia, an arrested vagrant in the humbler purlieus of Justice and the Law. Trampdoms tangencies are everywhere—"Can you let me have two bits, mister, fer some eats?"—yet the full flavor and color and texture of its estate cannot be come at as in the case of more literate worlds since to be literate is to begin to reason and to reason is to begin moving out of trampdom and see it objectively. Jim Tully tells of realizing he was a poet early in his tramping career. He tells of reading "The Mayor of Casterbridge" and "Wuthering Heights" while yet a ragged youngster of fifteen. These confessions suggest to the reader a dilemma. Either Jim Tully's later awakening has led him to glorify his youth by a form of poetic hindsight, or it is difficult to accept as true to trampdom the account of it given by an unusual, a superior, native. We suspect this latter is the case. Self-conscious Jim Tully has always been. Quick-witted, passionate, poetic in a rough but durable way, he has always been, even since the day when he sat kicking his tattered heels on the trestle talking to the one-eyed young ruffian, Bill, who told him:

Hell, I wouldn't be found dead in a joint like this. It ain't a town; it's a disease. A guy's only in the world once. He may as well lamp it over while he's at it, even if he's only got one lamp.



Illustration by H. M. Brock from "Leaves from the Golden Bough," by Lady Frazer (Macmillan)

We have not yet got the ultimate document, the deepest self-revelation of trampdom. We have only the revelation of Irish Jim Tully by himself, who was, all the time, more of a human being than the inarticulate, maimed, sodden-hearted, subhuman rabble amidst which he moved and to which he surely attributed, as will the realest of realists, some magnified and glorified capacities not native to the type.

But do not infer that Jim Tully was a pretty, picture tramp; an adventurer or self-conscious experimenter in the wasteland of vagabondia. Far from that. If there is such a thing as touching bottom in life, Jim Tully has surely done that. Born of riff-raff, intimate and copain of riff-raff in a small industrial town in Ohio, Jim Tully's best friend was a drunkard, his best girl a whore. When he turned hobo it was because the spirit that was in him could better bear its suffering while moving through dirty poverty than while squatting in its filth. It was a spirit unafraid of the hunger that pinched an exhausted fugitive's stomach; of the violence that threatened, and came, from railroad detectives, irate police and drink-crazed comrades; of the death that whistled down the icy roofs of swaying mail trains by day and by night. Desperation was Jim Tully's guiding motive through a boyhood spent under an incessant barrage of knocks as hard as life can give. He drank himself drunk in the sideshow tent of Amy the Beautiful Fat Girl, one of his earliest employers. He rode blind baggages and thundering, slump-bottomed coal cars, coatless and grimy and bloody after fights with watchmen in the outskirts of "hostile" towns. He skulked by

day in cornfields, culverts, woodland hobo camps, where a reeking flask of bitter red whiskey tasted like nectar to the company and a jest was received well in proportion to its slattern ribaldry. He begged through chilly streets, in fly-blown bars and at frowzy red-light houses. He worked on farms and on a road gang. Crazed and weakened with a fever, clinging madly to a flier, he beat his way into Chicago once, where the Newsboys' Home and St. Luke's were only just in time to save his life. He must have travelled blind over every main railroad artery between St. Louis, Washington, New York and Chicago—thoroughly, roughly, vilely, yet always excitingly and gamely, a tramp.

One of the scenes that sticks in one's memory is the Victory Ball of the Democrats in the Chicago Coliseum, with flags everywhere, garish lights and paunchy aldermen, brassy bands and brazen women, hullabaloo on every hand and Jack Johnson leading prancing negro dandies round the hall. One will not forget the colored plasterer in Cincinnati, of whom Tully begged drink and a meal. The negro bought, then talked and talked. Tully fell into a drunken dream, weirdly beautiful as set down. When they were ejected from the eating place for loafing, the negro gave Tully a dollar, shambled on to drink elsewhere—and was battered unconscious in an alley by Tully's pal for his remaining few cents.

The telling of it all is active, natural; racy and colorful of detail yet not cluttered or vulgar; pungent with slang and dialect, but far, far from unlettered. There is a fine sense of the dramatic in bits about a dying tramp in a bare, miserable vagabonds' dormitory; and about a tramps' "kangaroo court" in a Washington jail. There is humor, coarse and subtle alike. There is philosophy, shrewd, seldom bitter, and larded in with the unexpectedness of conviction and with a grim honesty that marks it for philosophy wrested from experience. If all men wrote as honestly as Jim Tully, setting forth their goodness and their nastiness equally, with no attempt at exaggerating either, books would be better, and fewer.

## Bolshevik Russia

LEAVES FROM A RUSSIAN DIARY. By PITIRIM SOROKIN. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1924.

Reviewed by PRINCESS RADZIWIŁŁ

THIS is a remarkable book, and every student of the Russian Revolution ought to read it with attention, as it constitutes the best account of the condition to which Bolshevism has reduced what was once a great and powerful country. Professor Sorokin is not a representative of the much maligned Russian aristocracy, but an Intellectual, a prominent member of what was called in Russia the *Intelligentsia*, and a man who had courageously fought the Czars and Czarism all through his useful career. He is one of the glories of Russian science, a convinced liberal, and one whose moral integrity has never been disputed by any one. One can absolutely believe what he writes and says, and his description of the Revolution and of that nightmare called Bolshevism, ought to be a lesson to the misguided people who imagine that it can do any reconstructive work, or raise the Russian nation's intellectual level in any way whatsoever.

The Professor, than whom a better, more sincere and convinced patriot could not be found, begins his story with an account of the first day of the upheaval which destroyed the throne of the Romanoffs. He guessed what it was to bring about, and with a clear intuition of what was bound to follow this outburst of popular rage and exasperation at the mistakes of an incapable government, he notes with an ever increasing melancholy, the state of mind of St. Petersburg society in this supreme crisis of its existence, the joy with which it hailed the Revolution, and the blindness which accompanied it. "Like heedless children," he says, "they manifested a curiosity and a joy in meeting such an 'interesting development' . . . they greeted the storm with laughter, not reflecting that it might rob them of their property, and even of their lives." And further on he writes:

The Russian Revolution was begun by hungry women and children demanding bread and herrings. They started by wrecking tram cars and looting a few shops. Only later did they together with workmen and politicians, become ambitious to wreck that mighty edifice the Russian Autocracy.



Day by day Professor Sorokin watches the development of this ambition and with sorrow in his heart the crumbling of the Russian land in which he was born. With him one can follow the development of this monster called Bolshevism, which might so easily have been put down in those early days, had there only existed a government worthy of the name in Petrograd. The Professor, who became later on the private secretary of Kerensky, was in a position to watch events, and it is no wonder that he fell under the suspicion of trying to work against Bolshevism. He had all his life fought for the cause of freedom and democracy, which was sufficient to designate him to the wrath of the new masters of the Kremlin, even if he had not been one of the few courageous men, who with the shadow of death hovering over their heads, had the courage to speak the truth and to try to reveal the real character of the adventurers who had seated themselves on the throne of the Romanoffs. What this character is, he shows us; anything more dramatic than his description of his flight through the virgin forests surrounding Archangel, or of the terror of his imprisonment at Veliky Ustyug, has never been written. The chapter of the book called "Red Mass" and that other one "Memento Mori" are magnificently terrible, precisely because one feels while reading them that they contain nothing but the truth. The truth which the Bolsheviks are trying so hard to prevent the world to learn. And with what splendid scorn he tells us of the senseless remark of a foreign humanitarian after visiting Soviet Russia, "Do not interfere with this great experiment of the creation of a new and perfect society," and adds, "To us this means, do not interfere with the murder of one hundred and fifty million Russian people."

He could have added, "It means the suppression of education and the destruction of science," because it would be difficult to find anything more pathetic than the tale he unfolds to us of the treatment meted out to the universities, and to their professors by the Soviet Government. This account ought to be read by all those who still cling to the illusion that Bolshevism brought freedom to the Russian people.

The whole book is illuminating in the light which it throws on the mystery of the Russian Revolution. It can be summed up in a remark of Professor Sorokin to one of his fellow prisoners in the fortress of St. Peter and St. Paul in Petrograd, Professor Argunoff, who had several times been imprisoned under the Czars for his political opinions, when he asked him, "How does this cell compare with your Czarist prison?" and was told in reply, "About as a country inn compares with a first-class hotel."

## Humanizing Biology

THE BIOLOGICAL FOUNDATIONS OF SOCIETY. By ARTHUR DENDY. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1924. \$2.50.

RACE HYGIENE AND HEREDITY. By HERMAN W. SIEMENS, M.D. Translated and edited by LEWELLYS F. BARKER, M.D. The same. \$2.

Reviewed by RAYMOND PEARL,  
Johns Hopkins University

UNTIL quite lately man has been generally conceded to be an animal. No human being has ever doubted that he is a superior creature, but it has been left for the spiritual descendents of John of Leiden and the other gay dogs of Münster who quaintly enough achieved in their day a height of carnal piety—or pious carnality—which has never been equalled, to deny that *Homo sapiens* is fundamentally an animal at all. This reversion to the intellectual level of the lowest savages, called Fundamentalism, is an interesting phenomenon of our times. Its effects are not likely to be far-reaching, though they will certainly be annoying to the poor Professors who are legislated out of their jobs because they teach evolution. Any immediate relief from this fundamentalist stupidity is probably not to be expected, for the simple reason that the pious brethren have got the better political talent on their side. But in the long run their doctrine will cease to be even an annoyance to the intelligent people. The reason will be because it is inherently ridiculous. Human thought has advanced too far to make the crude anthropomorphism which lies at the base of the Fundamental-

ist faith excite any emotion but mirth. Anybody supposed at once to be omniscient and supreme and at the same time to look, act, and think like even the noblest of human beings—simply cannot be taken seriously.

While these considerations will in the long run put Fundamentalism where it belongs, such books as Professor Dendy's "Biological Foundations of Society" will help the process. Here we have a well-selected and, in the main, sound presentation of the important, well-ascertained facts of biology, marshalled in such a way as to throw light upon the problems of human life, individual and social. The net result is such a clear and convincing picture of reality as to make the mystical mouthings of the protagonists of faith as a substitute for science seem childishly fatuous.

Dendy starts off with an excellent brief presentation of known facts of organic evolution, showing the unbroken sequence of living progression from the lowest single-celled organisms up to and including man. He wisely points out that there is no evidence of discontinuity in the evolutionary process at any stage. Organic evolution is simply one inseparable part of evolution in general.

The doctrine of the creation of the world, as enunciated in the book of Genesis, the theory of the spontaneous generation of living things by the sudden conversion of inanimate matter into organisms such as exist at the present day, and the theory of the population of the earth by immigrant germs of life from some other planet, all arose in response to the demand of the human mind for some definite beginning. The inconsistency of this demand is at length recognized by the student of evolution. He realizes the absurdity of seeking a fixed starting point for the evolutionary process and a definite commencement for life. He recognizes that the hunt for the first living things is the pursuit of a will o' the wisp, and that there never were any first living things either on this earth or anywhere else.

The great lesson that the study of evolution teaches is that nature knows no beginnings but only change. Evolution is continuous; without beginning and, so far as we can see, without end, and organic evolution is inseparable from the evolution of the inorganic world.

The next chapters deal with the development and growth of the individual, and the differentiation of structure and function which accompany this process. As these processes have gone on there has been always a concomitant integration of the differentiated parts. Without such integration the continued existence of many-celled animals would be impossible. This integrative process reaches its highest expression in Dendy's opinion, in social organization, exemplified in the first instance by communities of the social insects such as ants, bees, and wasps; and in a more complex way in human societies. He is a convinced believer in the "social organism."

A human society is a living organism, with an individuality of its own, for it undoubtedly becomes organized in a characteristic manner that depends entirely upon the association of its constituent members. Just as, by the association and the activities of its component cells, the human body makes for itself organs of various kinds for the fulfilment of diverse functions, so a human society makes for itself, by the coordinated activities of its members, organs that are used by the whole community. A railway train or an aeroplane is no less an organ of locomotion than an arm or a wing; a drainage system is an organ of excretion; a telescope is an organ of vision and a telegraphic or telephonic apparatus is nothing more nor less than a nervous system shared by the community.

The middle third of the book is devoted to the discussion of heredity, environment and sex. The author has strong leanings towards Lamarckian doctrines. There is a transparent eagerness to have the intellectual pleasure of both hunting with the hounds and running with the hares. The result will probably be a little confusing to the lay reader. But the presentation of the known facts of the case is, on the whole, fair and adequate, considering the limitations of space. It is only the author's philosophizing on his own account about these facts that is dubious. As a philosopher on the subject of heredity Professor Dendy's thinking seems to warrant the characterization applied many years ago by R. M. Wenley to that of the late Lyman Abbott, to wit, "slightly mushy."

On the problems presented by the great biological fact of sex our author stands squarely with the bishops. He pontificates, sometimes wisely, but always in the best sacerdotal manner. Thus the following is biologically the truth, though perhaps some students of sociology might justly claim that it is not humanly quite the whole truth:

The talk about equality of the sexes is all nonsense. There is no question of equality; the only question is that of differentiation and division of labor. Men and women are fundamentally unlike. You cannot make a woman into a man, nor a man into a woman, by Act of Parliament,

however much some enthusiasts might like to be able to do so. The primary duty of woman must always be the rearing of children, which must necessarily incapacitate her from many of the activities that fall to the lot of a man. The entire constitution of woman, mental, moral and physical, differs in certain respects from that of man, and woman can get the best out of life for herself, and give her best in society, only if she recognizes this fact.

But *facilis descensus Averni*, and the utter inadequacy of the following can only amuse the modern student of the psychology of sex:

There may be some excuse, in the prosecution of high ideals of service, for deliberately refusing to contract any sexual relationships at all; but to seek the advantages of such relationships while at the same time evading their responsibilities is a deplorable example of that craving to get something for nothing which lies at the root of most of our social troubles.

The book ends with a general discussion of the population problem, with much talk of the "impending doom" of our present civilization. But since, as Professor Dendy so clearly points out at the beginning of his book, the very essence of all evolution is *change*, the gradual and almost infinitely slow replacement of the existing by the new, it seems scarcely dignified at the end of the book to weep because the Victorian era has passed its midpoint.

If I have ventured to point out some of the weaknesses of this book it must not be taken to imply that it is not a good book, but merely that it is not a great one. On the whole, it may be strongly recommended to the general reader as one of the best and most interesting popular presentations of existing biological knowledge in relation to human affairs that has yet appeared.

The little book by Siemens, translated by Barker, cannot be given quite such high praise. In the first place its scope is much narrower. It is a popular treatise on human heredity and eugenics. The author, Dr. Siemens, has not, so far as I am aware, made any noteworthy contributions to knowledge in these fields by dint of his own researches. The result is that the wares offered seem a trifle second-hand and shop-worn. While there seems to be nothing positively wrong about the little treatise there are certainly better books than this on the subject of eugenics, already at hand in both German and English. The translation is excellent, as would, of course, be expected by all who are acquainted with Dr. Barker's distinguished scientific and literary talents. But the native ore with which he has worked in this case could not possibly be made to give a very high assay.

## Mediaeval Warfare

A HISTORY OF THE ART OF WAR IN THE MIDDLE AGES. By CHARLES OMAR. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 1924. 2 vols. \$12.50.

THE ENGLISH CONQUEST OF NORMANDY, 1416-1424: A STUDY IN FIFTEENTH CENTURY WARFARE. By RICHARD AGER. NEW HALL. New Haven: Yale University Press. 1924. \$4.00.

Reviewed by CHARLES H. HASKINS  
Harvard University

MILITARY history oscillates between two extremes. At one end we have the highly colored reports of the bard and the war correspondent, at the other the severe studies of general staffs which analyze the campaigns of the past as the best guide to the campaigns of the future, as, for example, the German Chief of Staff von Schlieffen prepared for the invasion of Belgium and France by his classic monograph on Hannibal's victory at Cannæ. The drum and trumpet histories of the older type look in the one direction, the more professional writings of recent years look in the other, while a historian like Professor Oman comes somewhere between, with an increasing tendency toward the professional. Member of Parliament for the University of Oxford, an easy writer on many periods of history, his interest has been mainly in political narrative, yet at the same time he has made himself the acknowledged authority on the Peninsular War by a six-volume history which has won the highest praise.

The "History of the Art of War in the Middle Ages" is designed for the general student of history rather than the specialist, and well fulfills its purpose. First issued in 1898, it has been nearly doubled in size for the new edition, chiefly by adding



## The BOWLING GREEN

### A Map of London

I'VE just been looking at the map, my precious old map of London which I bought a fine, dark, drizzling evening in November, 1910, at a little shop in Praed Street, near Paddington Station. It's not likely that I shall forget that evening: it was my first foray into London on my own, and perhaps it was all the more cherishable because the liberty was only momentary: for I had to catch the 9.50 back to Oxford—the famous train (if I remember accurately) which was the latest one could take to be back in college before midnight. (Doesn't one still hear those Oxford hansoms jingling through the dark, clashing round the narrow angles of New College Lane?) So I can plainly see Praed Street in foggy darkness, shop-windows bright with invitation, and a gigantic commissionaire in uniform outside the door of some music hall or vaudeville theatre (or could it have been a movie?). And all these intervening years my map, stoutly backed with muslin and with an ingenious mensurated tape for finding any desired street by an index-number, has been waiting on the bookshelf. It was the first thing I put into my trunk when I came abroad last spring. What fun I would have (I promised myself) re-exploring the scenes of youthful wanders. And then (how delightfully ironical is plain fact) when I actually found myself in London I never had time to open it—except once, hastily, to verify the exact topography of that central trapezoid which is the nub of visitor's London. Oxford Street, Regent Street, Haymarket, Kingsway, and Strand—X'd, like a pair of firemen's suspenders, by Shaftesbury Avenue and Charing Cross Road.

And now, London being again nothing but a dream, I get out the map and mumble a bit to myself over the places I meant to look at and didn't. I find that I can't even remember the meanings of marks I put on it fourteen years ago. I find a black circle round Saint Stephen's Square, Bayswater: I savvy that all right, that's where Elmer Keith and I had lodgings at Christmas, 1910, so cold that we slept in swathes of the *Times* (with the *Literary Supplement* as foot-warmers). And I know what this mark means on Guilford Street, W.C., the most momentous address of my life. But what is this carefully inked blob on Lansdowne Crescent? Did anything exciting happen to me there? I haven't the faintest recollection of it.

What I really got out the map for was to see exactly where is Bessborough Gardens, which I meant to visit and didn't. In "A Personal Record," I think, Conrad told us that it was there, in lodgings, that his career as a writer began, while he was waiting for the landlady's daughter to clear away the breakfast tray. And I can understand the scene perfectly: for it is after breakfast in London lodgings, after tea and bacon and toast, to be precise, when you are lighting your pipe and warming the slack of your breeks at a minuscule warmth of coals, that one can feel most easily the flowing movement of mind that presages authorship. I hunt out Bessborough Gardens on the map and find it only a little way from the Tate Gallery (where Epstein's bust of Conrad now is) just above Vauxhall Bridge. It is an offshot of Lupus Street, just the place where a man might begin writing to keep the wolf from the door. Why didn't I have time to see Lupus Street?

Yet certainly I am not going to brood upon things I didn't reach, when I saw so much more than I deserved or expected. I wish I could remember the name of the genial old hotel (was it in the Commercial Road? or perhaps nearer Aldgate?) that H. M. Tomlinson pointed out to me as a traditional resort of sea-captains. For my own part, I discovered what is not too common in Europe, a comfortable little hotel with not a single American in it but myself, nor did I even see the names of any in the register. There was a parson there with gaiters and an apron: he may even have been a Bishop ("solemnly pursuing his bird," if you remember your "Trivia") or he may have been, like the ecclesiast in Elizabeth's "In the Mountains," someone who expected soon to be a Bishop ("Il n'est pas un évêque, mais il est presque un"). When he entered the breakfast room and ordered haddock and grilled kidneys and bacon, and unfolded his *Times* (naturally a solemnifying rite as it is the Deaths and Marriages

that one sees first; and you can't get to be a Bishop without knowing all sorts of people who are likely to be dead) the scene was as English as Runnymede. For England is different from other countries in that it really is exactly as it has been described. I have only one fraud to report, and that is the "mahogany tree" that Thackeray wrote about—the table in the *Punch* office where the thirteen lucky editors sit down for their weekly staff dinner. The board was already laid, with plenty of wine glasses, when I was there, but Ewan Agnew lifted the cloth—and it isn't mahogany at all, but a fine old slab of soft deal. If it had been mahogany probably they wouldn't all have carved their initials in it and W. M. T. and E. V. L. are the best carved monograms in the lot. Mark Twain, I believe, remains the only visitor who has dined with the staff: I wonder if they asked him to cut his initials in the board? Certainly he would have enjoyed doing so. Or perhaps he would have said that two-thirds of Thackeray's would be enough for him.

The pubs, as you probably know, shut down at ten-thirty in the evening: one wonders what Doctor Johnson would have thought of being ejected from the Cheshire Cheese at that hour? Along Fleet Street one sees none of the all-night lunchrooms that cheer the heart of the late journalist in American cities. The only recourse at that hour is to climb the stairs to a newspaper office where a certain editor sits at his desk eager for colloquy. His stuff has all been put on the wire, but he stays till two o'clock or so in case anything should "break." He has comfortable chairs and he gets out the bottle of Scotch. Then, if there are congenial listeners, you may hear him unfold some of the richness of his alert experience. Robert W. Service happened to be in the other armchair the night I heard the story of the cat. I don't identify the editor himself, for it is his pride that in his twenty years on a famous paper his name has only been printed twice, and then by accident.

He came down from Scotland as a youngster, to look for a newspaper job. He tapped at all the doors, and found no entry. His small fund of money soon ran out, and he felt himself beaten. There seemed no room for him on Fleet Street, and one night he wrote home asking for money enough to get back to Scotland. He went to the post office to buy a stamp for the fatal letter. On the counter sat a big black cat, comfortably licking her fur. In an idle moment the young man held out the stamp to see if the cat would moisten it for him. She did so, seeming to relish the sweet taste of the gum. He affixed the stamp and was about to drop the letter down the slit—

Then he put the letter back in his pocket, ran to a desk in the corner and then and there wrote a brief story about the Stamp-Licking Cat at the Fleet Street Post Office. How the postal authorities, always solicitous of the public convenience, had laboriously trained the animal to sit on the counter and lick stamps for customers. How the cat was specially nourished with a saliva-stimulating diet, and that a project was under way to mingle a little oil of catnip with the government's stamp-gum. And so on.

The first newspaper editor to whom he offered this agreeably preposterous little yarn accepted it with glee. It was the journalistic *coup* of the week. Illustrated papers wired for photos, and the Post Office was crowded with people asking to see the cat. The S. P. C. A. hurried round to see if it was a matter within their jurisdiction. The sale of stamps at that office increased forty per cent. And the author of the story has never since been without a job. It is the story of Dick Whittington over again, you see. I told you, didn't I, that England is all a kind of fairy-tale. It is a different cat that my friend has now in his rooms in the Temple; but also perhaps one with magical powers. For when a Zeppelin dropped a bomb in the neighboring quadrangle . . . it didn't explode.

The most unconscious pathos that I saw in London was a sign in an Oxford Street clothing shop. RAINCOATS FOR THE HOLIDAYS. (This, remember, was in summer.) And the most eloquent word was the name of the Air Ministry's building in Kingsway—ADASTRAL HOUSE. Which reminds me again of the journalist mentioned above. When the new Bush Building—a terrific loftiness by London standards—was put up at the foot of Kingsway, there was talk of putting some living apartments on the roof, and renting them. Our Scot suggested an advertisement to lure possible tenants. "Yes," he said, quoting Stevenson—"Bed in the Bush with stars to see."

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

the century and a half which followed the introduction of gunpowder. The perspective remains preponderantly English, but no country is omitted, and the East of Europe in particular receives due attention. Indeed the general reader will find especially interesting the account of the Byzantine army, "in its day the most efficient military body in the world," and of the dramatic contrasts between eastern and western modes of warfare in the course of the Crusades and the Tartar invasions. The ignorance of geography on the part of the Crusaders and their general unpreparedness, combined with the enormous difficulties of their task, make it perhaps more astonishing that they "accomplished anything, than that they did not accomplish more than their actual achievements." More than once they faced disaster from ignoring the simple military fact, far less important at home, which Napoleon expressed in the saying that an army moves on its stomach. And even Napoleon failed to gain so firm a foothold as the Crusaders on the eastern shores of the Mediterranean.

Oman's narrative of a battle like Hastings lacks the epic quality of Freeman's famous account, but it is far nearer the truth, and the new edition finally gives up the untenable theory of the palisade which was once a subject of fierce literary conflict. So another interesting Anglo-Norman battle, Tinchebrai, is at last straightened out by accepting the results of Professor David of Bryn Mawr. In both these instances Sir Charles is superior to the work with which his volumes naturally invite comparison, the "Geschichte der Kriegskunst" of that eminent student and teacher of military history, Hans Delbrück. Delbrück's results are freely cited in Oman's revision, though the new edition (1923) seems to have appeared too late for use. If in general Oman is less original and penetrating, he also is less dogmatic and arbitrary. Nothing in these volumes stands out like Delbrück's study of the Persian wars and his destructive criticism of the numbers engaged in ancient and mediæval battles, yet on the other hand Oman is not disposed to reject good evidence because it does not square with fixed military theories, such as the incapacity of peasants and townsmen for war and the impossibility of real strategy in mediæval warfare. If his history is less specifically military, it has a wider and more humane interest.

To the English conquest of Normandy, which occupies a couple of pages in the new Oman, Professor Newhall, now of Williams College, devotes a substantial and handsome volume. Based upon elaborate research in the Public Record Office and the French archives, its purpose is not to spin out an ampler narrative of battles but to make clear the growth of strategy in the Hundred Years' War and the nature of those elements of finance, organization, and supply upon which sustained warfare must rest. Evidence on such matters is rare in the earlier Middle Ages and scanty enough in the fifteenth century, but the skilful utilization of scattered details throws fresh light upon problems which have forced themselves in ever-increasing degree upon the modern commander. We shall doubtless see a good deal of military history rewritten in the light of the World War, and it will be well if this is always done with such learning and good judgment as are here shown. On the vexed question of the numbers engaged, on which mediæval chroniclers are notoriously untrustworthy, Newhall reaches interesting results by careful checking of muster rolls and similar documents. "It would seem that under Henry V England utilized her maximum military strength, and that that strength did not exceed 15,000 men. The reader will supply the parallel with England's latest military effort beyond the Channel!"

The first volume of Professor Karl Pearson's "Life, Letters, and Labors of Francis Galton" (says the *London Times Literary Supplement*) was issued by the Cambridge University Press only a few weeks before the outbreak of war in 1914, which injured the Galton Laboratory in many ways. It rendered its publication funds of small value, a projected collection of Galton's unpublished papers, among other things, being placed out of the question. It was only in 1922 that the generous gift of an old school friend, the late Mr. Lewis Haslam, M.P., made it possible for Professor Pearson to face the difficulties and heavy cost of a second volume of the biography. It will be published during the autumn, and completed in due course by a third volume.



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## Books for Children

### Informative Books

By MARION C. DODD

"WHEN we were children it was not considered necessary to sugarcoat our education," say the grandparents of today as they observe the butterfly wings which primary education has taken unto itself of recent years. I could easily convince them that those wings fly faster and farther as well as more joyfully than did the sturdy brown moth of their memories, but that is not my concern here. One phase only of the flight of the educational butterfly is for present consideration; that is, the effect it has had upon literature for children, and especially informative literature. Such delightful things are being done as a result of it—such sensible and effective things; and of all this "we have with us today" five most excellent examples.

"A Child's History of the World" (Century, \$3.50) would seem a baffling undertaking and must indeed have been difficult to project. But Mr. V. M. Hillyer has recognized that neither the history of one or two countries (he is in revolt against a childish memory of eight years of American history!) nor any number of dissociated biographies can place in a child's mind a real outline of the larger stream of history from the beginnings of all things to modern times. This problem—the presentation of a continuous panorama of the ages, chronological rather than racial—he attacks boldly and—saving grace—with imagination. He has aided himself by illuminating diagrams and informal suggestive illustrations, but chiefly he wins through by a graphic, talking-to-you method, without which he would hardly have sustained interest to the end. His success is to be acclaimed. Children from nine up not only will understand the book but will be absorbed by nearly all of its 470 pages; all the more so because it is "all true,"—eternal wish of the Young Enquirer! This in itself will lead, as the author plans, to more detailed reading as interest suggests. The tone of the last section of the book is threatened for a time by the inevitably increasing masses of details, but selection must throughout have been most difficult, and it is fairer to remember that than to dwell on specific omissions which may occur to us, especially as a child's interest and power of comprehension, not an adult's, have everywhere been consulted in directing emphasis. The designation of this work as a text book should deter no parent from embarking on delightful home reading which will widen many a childish horizon.

An excellent companion piece to this more comprehensive book is Mary E. Boyle's "Man Before History" (Little, Brown, \$1.50). It suggests the expanding for slightly older children (twelve and upwards) of the first chapters of the world history just considered, for it stops where written history begins, and is concerned only with the prehistoric record of rocks, tools, caves and bones. It is very simple and clear in style, and its aim is especially to give a consecutive impression of the ice and stone ages, carried on in story form rather than cut into episodes. It is an interesting and valuable little book and well illustrated.

Our perhaps adduced sense of the inexorable masses of information waiting to

be acquired is increased rather than lightened by turning from these long perspectives to a cross section of life—not human this time but of the insect-world upon whose amazing activities Fabre has thrown such shafts of light. Inez McFee is obviously his student and admirer. In "Lives of Busy Neighbors" (Stokes, \$2) she offers an easily flowing blend of description and information, presented with clear and most interesting photograph-illustrations. The material is in short, vigorous chapters done in a lively narrative style, and suggesting every possible analogy to those human activities which the child already understands. Every young reader will feel that the very sticks and stones about him are alive and ready to reveal living secrets for a bit of time and attention. To be the carrier of an invitation to become more of an observer of such familiar and yet unfamiliar life is a recommendation for any book.

Less from a practical point of view and more as romance should Georges Ponset's "Romance of the River" (Dodd, Mead, \$2.50) be read. It follows closely, indeed, the suggestion of its title. An impressionistic picture, drawn with humor and imagination and full of colorful sketches of these fishy families, fancifully dramatized in their river life, is what the book achieves, rather than the specific imparting of information. The latter would indeed be somewhat clouded by the mass of detail in which the story floats. But read it simply for its charm and let it reach your child's aesthetic sense. The translator's name does not appear, but without falling into clumsy English he has succeeded in retaining the French atmosphere both in language and feeling, thereby adding distinctly to the flavor of the book. It is not illustrated except for a charming frontispiece in color.

Making a wide leap in subject-matter, we alight finally upon something more spectacular in make-up and tone than any of the above books, but quite as successful in the attainment of its own end—Wilfred T. Grenfell's "Yourself and Your Body" (Scribners, \$2.50). Physiology obviously would be a realm of delight to the inquiring and experimenting mind of a child, but can it be presented practically and without intricacy? Here is an affirmative reply. If the combination of concreteness with imagination is the ideal end to be coveted in writing for children, proclaim its achievement here. And was ever before a book of physiology, whether for child or adult, conceived in whimsy or dowered with charm? Not to become verbose with enthusiasm, suffice it to say that here we have a lively account of difficult and technical matter, shifted bodily from its usual setting into the atmosphere of a world attractive and intelligible to a child. A few of the chapter headings will suggest the method: "Living Machinery. The Framework. The Motors. The Pump and Pipes. Sentinels and Controls. The Overalls" and so on. This is no rigidly moulded allegory, however, but one that has sprung quaintly and humorously into life, and is amazingly sustained through several hundred conversational pages. Very live grotesque little illustrations by the author decorate the colloquial paragraphs of this unusual book. And by no means must you skip a short but treasured foreword—adult, not juvenile.

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## A Literary Bran-Pie

By ANNE PARRISH

WHEN we were little we had sometimes for a treat a bran-pie. A tub of bran full of hidden packages, each one so different!

Here is a bran-pie! I put in my hand and pull out a package wrapped in rose-colored silk sewn with pearls. "Honey-Bee," by Anatole France (Dodd, Mead: \$2), translated by Mrs. John Lane. Elaborate and at times beautiful, it is as if figures in an old tapestry came to life, as George on his dark horse, Honey-Bee guiding her milk-white steed with rose-colored reins, and the Duchess veiled in silver ride toward us over meadows starred with flowers. There are adventures with nixies under the lake and dwarfs in the heart of the mountain; and if the wording is over-elaborate at times, if certain passages seem labored, they do not hide the story's lovely lesson of compassion.

A package with loud amusing noises coming out of it from the "Big Beasts and Little Beasts of André Hellé (Stokes: \$1.25). Here is the charm of complete simplicity in pictures and pictorial words. I particularly like the delightful reserve of the frog on the lily-pad and the melancholy humor of the monkey, with the accompanying lucid remarks.

Rather a heavy one next, "The Dog, the Brownie and the Bramble Patch," by Mary and Margaret Baker (Duffield: \$2), perhaps because it has a distinct flavor of schoolbooks. It is like a folk tale, simple and inevitable, but told in a monotone. I longed for one gleam of color—here is worth, but no glamour.

Here's a package badly wrapped, loosely tied, but there's something alive in it—Finney Foo, the toy clown, in Beulah King's "Ruffs and Pompons" (Little, Brown: \$2.50). The book lacks distinction and is carelessly written, there is too much repetition, and it is appallingly full of "good land" "sakes alive!" "cute" "I don't doubt but what—" "folks" "the merriest bunch—" "shot clean across—" "There's pickles and candy—" and so on. But it is full, too, of exciting adventures, one hurrying after another, Finny hardly escaped from the cheese-dish before he falls through a pocket hole into the dark trap of the hem of a coat. (The gloomy, fashionably-inclined handkerchief he meets there is tremendously amusing.) And I think the little clown who talks to everything and finds everywhere hearts to understand will make friends wherever he goes, outside the book as well as in.

Pull out another. "The Thrings of the Dark Mountain," by Morgan Taylor (Minton, Balch: \$3.50). We are told the Thrings have no magic—neither has the book, though the adventures of one Thring with a Witch's stick are pleasant. In the rather twisted sentences one finds such words as "hollered," "awful frightened"—words neither beautiful or funny enough to offer to the children.

Here's an uneven package—"The Wiggly Weasel," by Mabel Marlowe (Appleton: \$1.25). The first and last stories, with all their "wiggles," fifty or so to a page, are enough to make a grown-up dizzy, and are more than a child should be asked to endure. But "Blue Pots," all about the pansy elf who didn't like her voice, is charming; so is "The Fly," full of humor and philosophy. "The Dormouse Who Laughed in His Sleep" is merrily ironical; and my heart went out to the silly little mouse who never succeeded in catching a yellow butterfly for "The Wing-A-Wing Man." But they are stern little stories. The fluffy birds with their own amusing secrets and the anxious little mice of Harry Rountree's illustrations are enchanting.

A package with an eagle feather thrust through its scarlet ribbon—"Little Princess Nina," by L. A. Charskaya, translated by Hana Muskova (Holt: \$2). American children may feel strange at first in the company of the little Russian who thinks nothing of "inhaling the intoxicating scent" of roses, who speaks casually of "the poetical nature-softened East," and who is at all times not only brimming over with the loftiest emotions, but able to express them fluently. But if they push through the thickets of long words and formal writing they will find a living child ready to lead them through a beautiful exciting world where people dressed in scarlet and cloth of silver find sorrow and danger and laughter.

And here is another present from Russia, "Shorty," by N. Grishina (Stokes: \$1.25), telling quaintly and simply of the kind cloud that spoke in thunder when it watered Shorty's garden, frightening the little man so much that he gave his golden-roofed house, his bed, his honey, his tea, to the fox in exchange for its hole where he could hide from that roaring voice.

I like this package, with wisps of hay stuck in it—"Shoemaker's Shoes," by Mary Wolfe Thompson (Dutton: \$2). You plunge right in to Mr. Engine's thrilling story, you hear with Freddy about the dreadful time the lady-like sofa had in the runaway, and feel the pathos of the old canal boat telling itself it's nice to lie in the sun with no more work to do ever, but not believing it. These are sturdy, merry stories with real beauty shining through their homeliness—the beauty of sacrifice in "Grandfather's Elm," the beauty of courage in "A Brave Bridge."

In our bran-pies, when we thought we had pulled out everything, there was always just one last package, that we loved the best of all. And here it is—but we don't have to lift it, it flies up, and into our hearts, like a bright-colored bubble—"Forty Good-Night Tales," by Rose Fyleman (Doran: \$2). It has beautiful English, enchantingly hearty humor, and is simple without being condescending. It is so charmingly of the present, it throws such a shimmer of fairy wings about a child's everyday surroundings, that it seems a pity

(Continued on next page)

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so many of its illustrations go in for doublets and hose or hoopskirts. "The Mouse With Bobbed Whiskers" has twinkling satire, "Cat's Trousers" is sprightly and confidential, there is loveliness in "The Proud Foxglove." And, for the moment at least, my favorite hero and heroine of fiction are The Naughty Goblin who sang Pop Goes the Weasel, and the little pink pig who slept in a basket lined with blue silk, and was named Anastasia (Anna for short).

## For Regular Boys

By T. MORRIS LONGSTRETH

THAT boys still read in this busiest of all possible worlds is only another proof of their infinite capacity for doing things. Since the books they read have to compete with the game-field, the movies, the radio, and the school and dance schedule, writers may well wonder how the boys' attention is to be held. The libraries are still re-ordering the old favorites in hundred-copy lots, therefore it would seem not impossible for books to vie with the modern improvements for making life interesting. The secret lies in not writing down to what is imagined to be boy level.

To prove this, read "Goin' on Fourteen" (Doran, \$2.50) in which Irvin Cobb has indulged himself in twenty-nine chapters of his funniest recollections. He wrote them to please himself. Each page is laden with long words, adult phrases, adult reactions, yet each page will be eaten up by youth. The episodes comprise several new misdeeds as well as most of the old ones. Some feeble-minded chickens are treated with electricity; a cat's whiskers are shortened in order that she may hunt salmon tins, with fearful results; a father disciplines his son by unusual methods, which other sons cry for; by a still more unusual method a lazy man gets his acres dug up—an episode told with consummate skill; and the boy who was born to be hanged gets drowned. The book concludes with the sprouting of the first hair on Juney's chest.

"Goin' on Fourteen" is Mr. Cobb's "Tom Sawyer." The situations are not quite so inevitable as in Mark Twain's book, and those extra words, which add so much to Mr. Cobb's bank account, but detract from the directness of his prose, burden the page. They may keep this rich document from being a classic because they make John C. Calhoun Custer, Jr., seem to be written about instead of vitally to breathe. I hope that Mr. Cobb is at work now on his "Huck Finn."

In "The Heart of a Dog" (Doran, \$3), seven stories and one bit of biography ("The Afterword" which is the most interesting of all), makes me want to motor down to Sunnybank—for Mr. Albert Payson Terhune won't ship his dogs—and lay in a supply of collies. The book and its super-fascinating heroes prove how much nicer dogs are than human beings, or at least than the villains selected for the demonstration. One story is about "The Meanest Man," another introduces the meanest boy that ever lived, if this one did live. In "Fox" Mr. Terhune invites comparison with Thompson Seton, and suffers a little, for the naturalist's treatment of wild animals is more convincing, his atmosphere is charged with a subtler magic. But in "The Coming of Lad" the charm is irresistible. Read that one story and you buy the book, in fact two of it, one to give and one to keep.

"A Boy at Gettysburg," by Elsie Singmaster (Houghton Mifflin, \$1.75), is the story of a boy who, because of his age and an invalid grandfather, could not enlist in the Civil War but helped out at the Battle of Gettysburg. Miss Singmaster knows how to create atmosphere and character. She has drawn the picture of the Underground Railroad vividly. The old grandfather lives pathetically. Young Carl, the hero, comes into the hero's own without being impossibly heroic. I like this book a lot.

And "Kak," by Vilhjalmur Stefansson (Macmillan, \$2.25), is fascinating. It tells of a young Eskimo who builds his own snow-house in a blizzard, gets nearly caught by a seal, and lives before your eyes the life of an Eskimo boy as Mr. Stefansson saw it being lived. Unfortunately the great explorer called in somebody to help him write, and instead of Eskimo talk we have the boy saying "Honor bright" and other Saxon things, but the setting and the doings are authentic.

Of two books that have appeared about Grenfell, by Fullerton Waldo—"Grenfell, Knight Errant of the North" (Jacobs) is the better buy for boys. You are conducted more directly into the surroundings and adventures of the great doctor. The illustrations also are more interesting. As a life, however, Mr. Basil Mathew's "Wilfred Gren-

fell, Master Mariner" (Doran, \$1.50) is the more workmanlike book. Every youngster ought to know about Grenfell and the glorious work that is going on at the back of the northeast gales. The sooner you set a fellow dreaming about work of this kind the better for him.

"The Trail Blazers," by Mary H. Wade (Little, Brown, \$1.65), tells the story of the Lewis and Clark Expedition with sufficient skill and sincerity to make that long journey of personal concern to the reader until the "Everywhere-Salt-Water" is reached. The scenes are curtailed, the pictures are quick-moving, for Mrs. Wade has retold the tale of the Journal in less than three hundred pages, but it is good to live with young Meriwether Lewis and William Clark and Bird Woman even so.

Jibby Jones (Houghton Mifflin, \$2), hero of Ellis Parker Butler's "Jibby Jones and the Alligator," is an asinine youngster who either knows everything or looks it up in the encyclopædia; and yet you get to like him. Mr. Butler has done a good turn for the boys who wear glasses in this foolish, funny story of the chaps who start out to suffer like the Father of Their Country and see an alligator. The hunt for it, with interruptions for boat-racing and band revolutions, makes the rest of the book. Preposterous as the publishers' allegations are concerning Jibby, I'm all for the Chief Zoologist and Encyclopædist of the Young Alligator Hunters of the Upper Mississippi.

"The Quest of the Golden Cities," by George L. Knapp (Dodd, Mead, \$2), is a story of Coronado and the young crossbowman, Peter. It is full of stir, of local color, of vigorous dialogue, and an occasional nice new oath like Name of a Moor! Henty, to be sure, is not approached for excitement, but it is readable and the result of careful research.

## Girls' Books

By MARION G. CANBY

IMAGINATIVE books, information books, boys' books, by tens, but amongst over a hundred children's books on *The Saturday Review's* shelves, only a small group of girls' books this Fall!

Perhaps the healthy indifference of most girls to most girls' books has at last penetrated to mothers, aunts and publishers. At any rate, the absence of the inferior many need not be lamented, and it is a matter for some praise that from out of the five survivors are high-grade examples of standardized girls' literature.

"Standardized" may seem a harsh term to apply to two authors who have been original enough each to invent a little game of her own, Mrs. Seaman by adapting the mystery-story to the girlish mind, Angela Brazil by adding a controlling cultural element to the personal happenings of the boarding-school period. But both ladies have the repeating habit badly, a weakness to which work in a *genre* is always prone, certainly a weakness which implies standardizing to one's own standards, anyhow. So I stick to my term. Angela Brazil, indeed, is fast becoming a pleasantly modernized factory for the production of girls' books. Her stories are simply tumbling out of England into our market. Yet she uses art and travel delicately to break up the too trivial round of a girl's life, and absence of condescension together with an obvious personal pleasure in the small events of which she tells makes her an unusually human *cicerone*. Furthermore, she writes well. Her Englishness attracts our girls. Just now, in "Silent Girl Kitty" (Stokes, \$1.75 net), it is studio-life in a mild form and Paris sights seen at leisure that engage her. Here at home, Mrs. Seaman's heroine also goes a-traveling. In "Sally Simons Adventures It" by Augusta Huiell Seaman (Century, \$1.75), a rambunctious spinster and Sally, her girl-companion write amusingly contrasted letters home from Bermuda, where a pirate-cave stirs up much excitement. Mrs. Seaman dovetails a plot and creates amusing characters with no visible effort. Her really wholesome and vivacious books pretend to be no more than they are, and this rare light-mindedness plus their clever handling to my mind sets them amongst the most attractive of the standardized crop for girls.

"Powder-Patches and Patty," by E. B. and A. A. Knipe (Century, \$1.75), is a sprightly example of the historical romance. It shares with its grown-up brothers a self-consciousness of speech and that carefulness as to main historical event which sets the writer free for fancy in the inter-spaces. As usual in this family of books, history and fancy frequently get in each other's way, but nevertheless pleasure and some atmosphere, enveloping in this case the twistings of the Benedict Arnold plot, will be the portion of this book's girl-reader.

Our fourth, "The Mysterious Little Girl," by Grace Stockwell (Century, \$1.75), represents a newcomer, holding the field for little girls. This story is nicely written and has zest for its small mystery-plot. It is, on the whole, more winning and less trifling than most realistic attempts to write about their daily life for children. This sort of book is apt to be a stone that gathers no moss whatsoever.

Our fifth, "His eyes were wet now, his wild young eyes, growing momentarily bloodshot as he clung to the railing." (How do eyes grow momentarily bloodshot?) This book, "Penrose array, Sky Sailor," by Isabel Hornibrook (Little, Brown, \$1.75) is by far the most amusing of the lot. It is supposed to represent a healthy out-door atmosphere for the Camp Fire Girls.

Why should there be girls' books, anyhow? The rest of life and literature lies open to the modern flapper. True, the total loss of the genus girls' book would scarcely disturb the surface of even one girl's mind. Yet to have always felt that the real stuff is about now, but uncaptured for girls. Read Galsworthy's "Pigeon." How about the girls' side of that father-and-daughter relationship? Suppose someone should write about relationships, just to begin with, as a girl really sees and feels them. Her side of them, assuredly, would reveal impressions as sensitive and fresh as a girl's face. But at present it is outside, rather than inside, girls' literature that the true material is to be found.

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# The New Books

## Poetry for Children

THE TORCH. A Book of Poems for Boys. Selected and arranged by LOUISE COLLIER WILLCOX. New York: Harper & Bros. 1924. \$5.

LITTLE GIRL AND BOY LAND. By MARGARET WIDDEMER. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1924.

FIFTY NEW POEMS FOR CHILDREN. An Anthology. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1924.

Reviewed by WILLIAM ROSE BENET

LOOKING back on my own boyhood I can testify that it is a pleasant thing to have a big book of selected poetry around the house. We used to have a large anthology by Dana. It was exhaustive. It was crammed with "old favorites," with all sorts and conditions of poems. It was divided into sections under general headings such as "Moral and Didactic," "Weird and Fantastic," etc. The second of the two sections mentioned always appealed to me more than the first. It was more exciting.

A strange reflection wanders back into my consciousness after running through Mrs. Willcox's anthology, wherein she has arranged their own "big book" of poetry for the benefit of her grandson and his sister and their cousins. This is a reflection that has often visited me before—namely, how much the poems of Scotland contributed to my early pleasure in poetry. One particular tribute I wish to pay to Mrs. Willcox before I pass on, for her inclusion of Alexander Anderson's and James Ballantine's homely lyrics. I remember Anderson's Rab, Tam and Jamie well, especially Rab's exclamation from beneath the bed-clothes,

*Mither, mak' Tam gie ower at ance—  
He's kittin' wi' his tae.*

And I know no pleasanter picture of a small child before the fire than Ballantine's *His wee chubby face and his tousie curly pow*

*Are laughing and nodding to the dancing  
love;*

*He'll brown his rosy cheeks, and singe  
his sunny hair;*

*Glooming at the imp' wi' their castles  
in the air.*

*He sees muckle castles towering to the  
moon;*

*He sees little sodgers pu'ing them a' down;  
Worlds whommin' up and down; bleat-  
ing wi' a flare,—*

*See how he loup's as they glimmer in the  
air.*

How good is such a word as "whommin'"! Praise to the language that can compass it, and such expressions as "laughing at the fuffin' lowe" and "buffy hand." The next verse contains a deal of philosophy:

*For a' sae sage he looks, what can the  
laddie ken?*

*He's thinking upon naething, like many  
mighty men:*

*A wee thing mak's us think, a sma' thing  
mak's us stare,—*

*There are mair folk than him bigging  
castles in the air.*

Indeed I must confess my decided predilection for "Castles in the Air" as a whole. It seems to me one of the great sentimental songs of all time, with a charming undercurrent of wistful humor.

Other fine old Scotch selections are favored by Mrs. Willcox. There is of course Sir Walter Scott's Lowland Scotch Lullaby, beginning

*Oh, hush thee, my baby,  
Thy sire is a Knight,*

which goes to such a delightful air; Caroline Nairne's "Baloo, loo, lammy" (her name, unfortunately being twice misprinted—each time differently—both in the table of contents and under the poem). There are Wee Willie Winkie, Helen o' Kirkcon-

nell, Jock of Hazeldean, Bonny Dundee, My Heart's in the Highlands, Sir Walter Scott's "March, March, Ettrick and Teviotdale," Aytoun's "Old Scottish Cavalier," Burns's "It was a' for our rightful king," and Motherwell's "Jennie Morrison." Such good Scots, it seems to me, is the backbone of the best poetry for children, or perhaps it is only that I was brought up on it.

I am inclined to demur a little at Mrs. Willcox's leading off her volume with a first book containing as many as fifteen lullabies, although most of them are old favorites. The second book is "Birds, Beasts, and Flowers," ranging from "I wandered lonely as a cloud" to "Little Dandelion," and from Tennyson's "Eagle" to "The Frog Who Would a-wooing go." The section "Out of Doors" includes several of John Davidson's poems and others by Francis Thompson, James Stephens and Edna St. Vincent Millay as well as several well chosen from Emily Dickinson. It is rich in famous selections and also contains a poem by Mrs. Willcox herself and three by Westmore Willcox, Jr. On Book Four, "House and Home" we have already commented, Edward Fitzgerald's "Old Song" also adorns it. Here a most regrettable mistake in the paging occurs. "Book V: History and Native Land" should follow according to the table of contents, but in the text we run directly from Canton's "Laus Infantium" on page 222 to Browning's "Marching Along" on page 223. The next sub-title page does not come until page 301 and is then headed "Book Five: Legends and Stories," while the table of contents shows it as "Book VI." The subsequent sub-title pages are likewise consistently at variance with the book numbers given in the Contents.

"History and Native Land," has some ringing poems in it. Newbolt's "Fighting Temeraire" is there to represent more recent poetry, and "Ivry" ("Ivey" in the Contents) and "Bonny Dundee" are characteristic of the classics included. "Legends and Stories," the book following, ranges from the old English ballad of "The Babes in the Wood" to much De La Mare. "Humor" includes with discernment both Lewis Carroll and Charles E. Carryl, and the volume ends with a medley of what are called "Prayers, Graces, Carols" ("Cards" in the Contents) and "Meditations."

While we do not feel this to be an anthology of marked originality, we agree heartily with many of its choices—and we deplore again the decline of proof-reading in large publishing houses. The publishers have however drawn upon their resources of illustration in the work of Elizabeth Shippen Green and others to make the volume pictorially attractive and the paper and printing are excellent.

Margaret Widdemer's "Little Girl and Boy Land" is refreshing in several instances. We enjoyed such phrases as "I felt a pleasant kind of lost" and "the sea was black and smooth and sly, with swallowed stars inside." We enjoyed the "Faithless Flowers" who "don't do what they're named for—not at any time of year"—and also "The Willow Cats." Often Miss Widdemer writes a particularly difficult kind of verse with such nicety in this book—for only a few can write verse that really enters into the minds (in both senses) of small children—that we regret the binding and the paper and decoration of her volume (which we cannot much admire).

"Fifty New Poems for Children" is imported, we imagine, from among the publications of Basil Blackwell at Oxford. At least, it looks as if it were originally a Blackwell book. The poems are attractive, mostly by modern English minor poets. Katharine Tynan and Robert Graves and Edith Sitwell are, of course, larger fry,—but E. L. Duff's "Of a Certain Green-Eyed Monster" comes off delightfully, and

(Continued on next page)

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## The New Books Juvenile

(Continued from preceding page)

the "Poems by Children" at the end of the book are, several of them, beyond price. E. Wyndham Tennant, for instance, wrote between the ages of four and nine, his "Ballad of MacDonald and MacDuff." This has a praiseworthy conciseness, not alien to older models.

MacDonald he thrust  
In his claymore,  
And he drew it out  
Covered with gore.

The chorus comes in bodefully at the end of each verse.

Do you hear that, you rascally Turk?  
Remember MacDonald has got his dirk.

Vivienne Dayrell, who penned "The Magic Wall-Paper" between the ages of nine and fifteen, is more accomplished ("The Magic Wall-Paper" would not disgrace a far maturer hand) but the young Tennant has a forceful directness. *Par example*, he philosophizes:

O the towel and the bath,  
And the bath and the soap,  
And the soap was the fat,  
And the fat was the pig,  
And the pig was the bran,  
And the bran makes sausages;  
And the man eats sausages  
And God gets man.

Which seems to us to arrive at the root of the matter.

Mr. Tennant's work is, in fact, indicative of what children, up to the age of about twelve at least, (particularly boy children) chiefly desire in poetry; conciseness, simplicity, directness of phrase, and drama. But, with all this, they can instantly detect when they are being "written down to." Also their doings are logical and serious to them and they naturally cannot enjoy their own "cuteness" as do many sentimental adults who write the poems some of us may enjoy later but upon which the children themselves often gaze with an alien and disenchanted eye.

### A Charming Book

THE DREAM COACH. By ANNE and DILLWYN PARRISH. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1924. \$2.25.

Reviewed by MARGARET WIDDEMER

THE poetry in the front of this book is very delightful indeed. So are the pictures; they seem really to belong with the writing inside. But to my mind the Map is the most satisfactory thing of all. First you read, or have read to you, all the Dream Coach stories: "The Seven White Dreams of the King's Little Daughter," which is as pretty as "The Birthday of the Infanta" and a little like it. Then the wonderful dream of Gran of Norway who went riding with Nana the Goat, Gustava the Hen, and Mejau the Cat, not to speak of a Card-Queen and a Snow-Man. Then there is the bright-colored Dream of the Little Chinese Emperor, who had such wonderful things to eat and wear and lovely gardens to play in. Finally there is the Dream of little French Philippe, about how his relatives all turned into the Rain and the Wind and the Spring, and made him presents.

After all this has happened, you turn back to the middle of the book; and there, all across two pages, is the excellent Map. You can follow with your fore-finger just the way the Dream Coach drove along the road of stars. First, to the round, pointed-topped towers of the Princess's castle; then, after a swirly road, Gran's Norwegian cot, the nicest of all, because it has a real face; then the surprised-looking Chinese palace of the Emperor; and last, Philippe's house, where his Grandfather Snow and little Cousin Spring lived.

This book has the unnamable quality of gentleness, the humor, and above all the sense of a scholarly background, which the other books possess. And with its quantities of bright-colored detail, its Andersen-like naïveté; its talking cats and teapots, it need not be kept for eight-year-olds. I have read to three- and five-year-old children just such books as these, to their continued interest and delight.

THE GOBLIN'S GLEN. By HAROLD GAZE.

Little, Brown. 1924. \$2 net.

This is a charming little tale, lit by a pretty fancy, with clever dialogue and graceful verses, and though hardly original in incident so presenting its episode as to give freshness to the adventures of its characters among the fairies. Illustrations by the author accompany the text.

THE NEW CHAMPLIN CYCLOPEDIA FOR YOUNG FOLKS; PERSONS. Edited by LINCOLN MACVEAGH. Holt. 1924. \$5.

It is a real pleasure to see that "The Young Folks' Cyclopaedia" has been revised at last. The present reviewer was brought up upon it and owes to it a breadth of interest and a basis of information which without might have been much less certainly acquired. The events of the old cyclopaedia were scope, accuracy and simplicity. It was written for children, not down to children, and it was edited upon the correct assumption that all knowledge is interesting to a child if properly presented.

So much has happened and so much has changed in forty years that the old editions were beginning to look like picket fences full of gaps. Realizing this, the new editor has made one new volume of the "Persons" from the old "Persons and Places," and has added eight hundred new biographies and brought the old ones down to date. He has conformed to the simplicity of style and definiteness of statement of the earlier cyclopaedia.

Presumably other volumes are to follow on Places and on Things. They will be welcome and this first upon "Persons" should be widely bought by parents, libraries and schools.

TAYTAY'S MEMORIES. Tale of the Pueblo Indians. Collected and Retold by ELIZABETH W. DEHUFF. Harcourt, Brace. 1924. \$2.00.

A highly humorous and original version of the old "Tar-baby" story told by Uncle Remus appears in this entertaining book of Pueblo Indian tales, under the title, "Master Rabbit Encounters the Pine-Gum Baby," and there are other stories just as amusing, about insects, birds, animals and people, set down in the simple narrative form used by old Grandfather Taytay himself, in telling them to his grandchildren. Children will love them for their story interest, and they also represent a contribution to the collections of old American Indian folk tales that older readers will appreciate. A Hopi Indian boy has illustrated "Taytay's Memories."

THE PEEP-SHOW MAN. By PADRIAC COLUM. Macmillan. 1924. \$1.00.

THE ADVENTURES OF A BROWNIE. By MISS MULOCK. The same.

SING-SONG. By CHRISTINA ROSSETTI. The same.

On cold winter nights when the children gather around the fire and beg, "Tell us a story," the little books which make up The Little Library will be particularly inspiring. Much credit is due the publishers for reproducing favorites of former generations and new stories in this attractive edition. "The Peep-Show Man" is a whimsical little Irish tale for kindergartners. "The Adventures of a Brownie" cannot fail to repeat its former success with young readers, and Christina Rossetti's poems have that singing quality that very little boys and girls enjoy.

A DOUBLE STORY. By GEORGE MACDONALD. Harcourt, Brace. 1924. \$1.50.

Princess Rosamond and Agnes, the little shepherdess, are stolen by the Wise Woman who lives in a little thatched cottage in the depths of a great fir wood—and a fir wood is more awful than other woods. How they step into the magic picture world, and how Rosamond loses her ugly disposition and becomes a lovely person fit to be a real Princess, is related in the same entertaining fashion that has made "The Princess and the Goblin" a first favorite for children. The story has been out of print for many years, and in its new form will be welcomed back by a host of young readers.

THE LITTLE ALPINE MUSICIAN. By JOHANNA SPYRI. Crowell. 1924. \$1.50.

High up in the Alpine hills, in the same beautiful country that Heidi loved so passionately, lives a little boy who learns to imitate the sound of the bells echoing over the mountains on his crude wooden pipes. But he is sent away to visit his cousins in a distant valley, where he must tend the cows all day, with no time for piping. Vinzi is the little boy, and the story of how he attains his great desire and learns to play real music will delight boys and girls. All the sympathetic understanding, all the poetic beauty, of Spyri's other books for children appear in this new story. It is illustrated with eight color plates.

## Speaking of Books

### Art as an Avocation

and not as a trade was a tenet to which Renato Fucini, the Italian writer, rigidly adhered. "Therefore," says Dr. Furst in the preface to his new collection from Fucini's work, "perhaps not one line in these four little volumes will die. An exquisite technique is concealed beneath the apparent simplicity of Fucini's rustic tales . . ." He showed consummate art, besides, in reconciling the dialect of the dialogues with the narrative portions of the story. A book for those who are interested in Italian and Italian literature. Fucini's *Novelle e poesie*. Edited by Henry Furst. \$1.40, postpaid \$1.50.

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**WHY BE A GOOP?** By GELETT BURGESS. Stokes. 1924. \$1.50.

Children are popularly supposed to resent having a moral thrust at them and yet here is a volume of incident and jingle as frankly didactic as the solemn "Sanford and Merton" of a past generation which young children, if their reception of its verses as they appeared night by night in the columns of an evening newspaper is any index to their attitude, will receive with as much delight as they do any pointless tale. Mr. Burgess has the happy faculty of dressing up his admonitions in whimsical garb, and his grotesque illustrations have enough of the absurdity that appeals to the heart of small folk to render the rules of conduct they accompany entertaining. The older reader will appreciate the adroitness with which Mr. Burgess has selected the faults he wishes to deride the while they admire the knack that can render his moral lessons palatable to his youthful public.

**TALES FROM NATURE'S WONDERLANDS.** By WILLIAM T. HORNADAY. Scribner's. 1924. \$2.50.

Dr. Hornaday has probably done more than any other living American to popularize a sound interest in wild animals. With this book he adds still another service to his diversified record of half a century. It is written primarily for children, but should also appeal to adults; it tells of the frozen mammoths of Siberia, the great prehistoric engulfment of animals in the La Brea asphalt lake, the strange fishes of the deep seas, the emperor penguin of the Antarctic, the fur seal, gorillas, orang-outangs, Dyaks, pigmy elephants, pigmy hippos and numerous other things. If there are zoologists and paleontologists who would not agree with Dr. Hornaday on all points on which he has personal ideas, no one will dispute the honesty of his success in making nature exciting, and the boy or girl with a taste for it who gets this book is in luck.

**THE WONDERFUL ADVENTURES OF THE LITTLE GREEN DUCK.** Written and illustrated by JACK ROBERTS. Duffield. 1924. \$2.

This gay little book was printed and bound by A. Tolmer in Paris and has a delightfully foreign air. The text and pictures were designed together by the author and have decorative unity. The author uses a simple, spontaneous, cursive style with excellent black and white effects and vivid crude color. The story is simple and brief and for children of the smallest size, with a pleasing map of Ludo's journey at the end of it.

**GRANNY'S WONDERFUL CHAIR.** By FRANCES BROWNE. Illustrated by EMMA BROCK. Macmillan. 1924. \$1.75.

**AT THE BACK OF THE NORTH WIND.** By GEORGE MACDONALD. Illustrated by FRANCIS BEDFORD. The same.

**MOTHER GOOSE'S NURSERY RHYMES.** Illustrated by CHARLES FOLKARD. The same.

That admirable series, The Children's Classics, has added to its excellent array of juvenile favorites three new volumes that worthily maintain the standard set by the editors in their choice of the earlier ones. Each such addition to this delectable library for young folks makes it the more of a boon to parents who believe that the most effective way of arousing a taste for literature in their children is to furnish them with a varied library in which they can browse at will, with the assurance to their elders that what they are feeding on is muscle-building stuff.

**ROUND THE YEAR IN PUDDING LANE.** By SARAH ADDINGTON. Little, Brown. 1924. \$2 net.

Children who have their Mother Goose by heart and to whom the familiar figures of the well-loved jingles are boon companions will rejoice to meet them anew and at fresh antics in this tale of Miss Addington's. Here are Boy Blue, and Taffy the Welshman, and Humpty Dumpty, and Polly Flinders among others, all of them embarked on adventures that would be new to their creator. Gertrude A. Kay has furnished winsome black and white sketches to embellish the text.

**THE LOST FLAMINGOS.** By G. INNESS HARTLEY. Century. 1924. \$1.75.

For a writer who is co-author with William Beebe, the prose of "The Lost Flamingos" is rather uninspired stuff, but what is told is obviously first-hand. The

boy naturalists were hunting parakeets in Florida before, and now find flamingos in the Bahamas. They also find that motor-boats explode, that witch-doctors are untrustworthy acquaintances, that there are poison thorns, and that to be buried alive in a cave is unpleasant but profitable.

**WHERE THE TRAIL DIVIDES.** By ALINE HAVARD. Scribners. 1924. \$1.60.

This is a sort of "Covered Wagon" for the young. The same Dave and Ruth who escaped so many dangers in "Fighting Westward" continue to escape them in "Where the Trail Divides" in the shape of Indians, Mormons, and bears. The usual inheritance of fortune occurs in the usual place. The style is not distinctive.

**THE BOYS OF WILDCAT RANCH.** By HAROLD BINDLOSS. Stokes. 1924. \$1.75.

The merits and limitations of Mr. Bindloss are well known, and both are apparent in this tale of adventure in British Columbia. Axmanship and canoeing, the smuggled Chinese and kidnapping tars, cattle thieves and catamounts are only some of the ingredients. The prose pudding that results will only be sniffed at by the boy who has tasted Defoe or Stevenson.

**LITTLE LUCIA'S ISLAND CAMP.** By MABEL L. ROBINSON. Dutton. 1924. \$1.50.

Little Lucia, whose acquaintance we have made before, is here depicted tasting the delights of camping. Together with her parents, her brother, and her dog she lives the simple life upon an island, and as all healthy children should, eats with zest, sleeps with the utter abandon of vigorous weariness and knows the joy of a woodland life. Her experiences are natural and simply told.

**LEGENDS OF CHARLEMAGNE.** By THOMAS BULFINCH. Illustrated by N. C. WYETH. Cosmopolitan Book Corporation. 1924. \$3.50.

N. C. Wyeth's illustrative work is widely known; he has already illustrated in color many juvenile classics. In the volume before us he has supplied eight pages in full colour as a commentary upon Bulfinch's famous retelling of the romances of the great Italian poets of the fifteenth century. Bulfinch drew on the works of Pulci, Boiardo and Ariosto, who had their material from the lays of the old bards and the legends of the monks. He also went to the tales of chivalry of the Comte de Tressan and certain German compilations. Wyeth has given us some spirited pictures, though the amount of work he has undertaken lately has not enabled him, it seems to us, to spend enough meditation upon his conceptions to make them more than brilliant and facile interpretations. Nevertheless, this is an unusually striking gift-book and should be welcomed by those Bulfinch sedately called "every well-educated young person." The very essence of romance is in these famous old tales.

**RUMPTY-DUGGET'S TOWER.** By JULIAN HAWTHORNE. Stokes. 1924. \$1.50.

The grandchildren of children who first read the story of the mischievous dwarf, Rumpty-Dugget, when he first made his bow, will welcome it with the same enthusiasm that it received almost fifty years ago. For it is of the type of "make-believe" story that never grows old, and the adventures of Princess Hilda and Prince Henry and Prince Frank in the land that was very near fairyland hold the same interest for boys and girls today that they did when first published in *St. Nicholas*. It is charmingly told by a master of story-telling, and in the new edition appears with many illustrations.

**THE LITTLE FAIRY SISTER.** By IDA RENTOUL OUTHWAITE and GRENBY OUTHWAITE. Dutton. 1924. \$3.

Whatever may be thought of the judgment of the authors in introducing the twin sister who had died in infancy as the imaginary companion of the little heroine of this tale, their story itself has considerable grace and charm. It counts the wonderful adventures of a small girl wafted into fairyland on the wings of sleep. The book is embellished with delightful illustrations in color.

**BIG BEASTS AND LITTLE BEASTS.** By ANDRE HELLE. Stokes. \$1.25.

**THE FIGHTING SCRUB.** By RALPH HENRY BARBOUR. Appleton. \$1.75.

**A CIRCUS A B C.** By DIXIE WILLSON. Stokes. \$1.

**THE AMATEUR ELECTRICIAN'S HANDBOOK.** By A. FREDERICK COLLINS. Crowell. \$2 net.

**THE KELPIES.** By ETTA AUSTIN BLAISDELL. Little, Brown. \$1 net.

**LITTLE PIONEERS OF THE FIR-TREE COUNTRY.** By MABEL G. CLELAND. Houghton Mifflin. \$1.50.

**THE RADIO GUNNER.** Houghton Mifflin. \$2.

### Miscellaneous

**SIXTY YEARS OF AMERICAN HUMOR: A Prose Anthology.** Edited by JOSEPH LEWIS FRENCH. Little, Brown. 1924. \$2.50.

This collection of samples of the writings of thirty-odd American humorists discloses alike the virility and the limitations of the traditions of American humor. Only two women are included in a list which is adorned by such names as Artemus Ward, Josh Billings, Mark Twain, Bill Nye, Peter Dunne ("Mr. Dooley"), Stephen Leacock, Harry Leon Wilson, Montague Glass, (Continued on next page)



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### The New Books Juvenile

(Continued from preceding page)

George Ade and Ring Lardner.

An examination of the mass of their writings discloses the sorry fact that, with rare and honorable exceptions, most American humor depends largely on the crude device of dialect. From Artemus Ward to Sam Hellman, this obvious after-dinnerish temptation leads many writers to cover a mole-hill of philosophy with a mountain of preposterous verbiage. Exception must be made for Mr. Dooley. The shrewd observations of the Irish-American sage are most effective when expressed in his chosen *patois*. Yet this seductive medium for raising a laugh is eschewed by the greater of our writers in the comic vein: neither Mark Twain, nor Stephen Leacock—admittedly the characteristic humorists of their respective epochs—need this meretricious device.

Anthologies of any sort are tedious; collections of humor—"One Thousand Funny Stories, Astonish Your Friends"—are unutterably dreary. Praise is due to the editor of this volume for the excellence of a sound critical judgment and for the catholicity of his choice; for he has assembled what constitutes a fair history of the course of American humor.

### Miscellaneous

THE WONDERS OF SALVAGE. By DAVID MASTERS. Dodd, Mead. 1924.

\$2.50.

Perhaps the most interesting part of this book at first is the illustrations. There are forty-eight of them, from photographs, and they show scenes of action wherein were raised battleships, steamers, submarines, and buried treasure. The very whisper of the words, "Sunken Treasure," conjures up a picture of gold and silver coins and ornaments, and piles of glowing gems. With ardent searchings and frequent findings of these things the first part of the book deals, not neglecting to relate episodes of the never-ending hunt for the Spanish Armada treasure off the Scottish coast, nor tales of the Spanish Main.

Thereafter the author deals with the modern period, with feats of divers, of raising ships by pontoons, by mending their broken sides with cement as they lay on harbor bottoms or on storm swept coasts, of hand and of electric pumps, of raising and taking into dry dock of the "Leonardo da Vinci," Italian battleship of 24,000 tons, that had sunk upside down, and later righting her; of compressed air and thrilling rescues, and, finally, of sending a diver down under Winchester Cathedral, England, to replace water-soaked bog with concrete.

What the book most aptly shows is the combination in divers and others engaged in salvage problems of the fearless adventurers of hardy physique, on the one hand, and the best of brains of highly trained engineers, utilizing the latest in complex science, on the other.

ANCIENT LONDON CHURCHES. By T. FRANCIS BUMPUS. Stokes. 1924.

\$4.50.

It would be difficult to choose a nobler or more exacting subject than London churches. A book that would communicate the power and the beauty of their influence, in times past and today, would be of imperishable value. Ever since England became a "ringing island," the bells of London have talked in fables, pealed in songs, and their midnight clatter has been heard by the most prosaic Master Shallows. We sought in vain in this book for a recognition of the importance of its subject. The first sentence is: "No ecclesiologist needs repine whose lot is cast in London." Architectural details follow, well presented, and anecdotes, somewhat too visibly "inserted," come in profusion. But though details are pleasing, and the photographs useful and entertaining, it is disappointing to find London's churches merely objects for the camera, merely things classifiable for the ecclesiologist. There is little feeling commensurate in tone or quality with the suggestions of the title.

HUMAN ORIGINS. By GEORGE GRANT MACCUBDY. Appleton. 2 vols. \$10 the set.

OUR PHYSICAL WORLD. By ELLIOT R. DOWNING. University of Chicago Press. \$2.50.

### LITTLE, BROWN & COMPANY'S New Books for Boys and Girls

THE GOBLIN'S GLEN: A Story of Childhood's Wonderland. Written and illustrated by Harold Gaze.

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## Foreign Literature

### Linen As Hero

LE LIN. By PIERRE HAMP. Paris: Nouvelle Revue Française, 1924. (New York: Brentano's. 75 cents).

Reviewed by MALCOLM COWLEY

THE first machines were simple. The individual worker, being able to oversee the whole process of manufacture, could take somewhat the same pride in the result as if it were achieved with his own hands. Today he tightens a single bolt on the forward axle of a single model of automobiles; eight hours a day, forty-four hours a week. He has little part, and takes no interest, in the finished product. Or, as Pierre Hamp prefers to put it, "l'ouvrier n'aime plus son métier, et cela ébranle le monde." Because the craftsman has ceased to love his craft, the whole world is shaken.

On this theme he has written a series of novels which, in their scope, are perhaps more vast than anything since Zola. He groups them under the title of "La Peine des Hommes," an expression for which there is no graceful English equivalent, unless it be that employed by Somerset Maugham for a less pretentious work: "Of Human Bondage." Maugham was interested only in the individual. Hamp, on the other hand, devotes his novels each to a separate industry: "Vin de Champagne" to the making of wine, "Marée Fraîche" to the fisherman, and "Le Lin," eleventh of the series, to the harvest, manufacture and sale of flax and linen.

Linen is both its hero and its plot. One follows the progress of the flax from the humid fields along the Lys where it is harvested; through all the processes of spinning and weaving in the great factories of Lille or Cambrai; then to the garrets of Paris where solitary women sacrifice their eyes to their pride in fine needlework; finally to the great wedding which unites the family of the wealthiest weaver of Lille to that of the wealthiest thread-merchant of Cambrai. "Wait," says one character, "till you see the bridal robe. . . fine linen cloth with lace panels from the waist down; a veritable cathedral of linen!"

In school we were taught to write the story of a Lincoln penny, or to follow the fortunes of a sheaf of wheat from the field to the table. In one way the theme of "Le Lin" is just as elementary. In another, with its talk of post-war problems, its dithyrambs to machinery, and especially its discussion of the relationship of man to the machine, it is as modern as radio. It is never easy to read. The style, a strange compounding of the vocabulary of Mallarmé with that of a trade paper, makes it difficult to follow. The effort finds ample reward, however, in the vigorous character drawing, and in pages full of an emotion still fresh in literature; a pure delight in the swiftness of moving steel.

### Vignettes

ANTOLOGIA AMERICANA. VOL. V: ANECDOTARIO. By ALBERTO GHIRALDO. Madrid: Editorial Renacimiento. (New York: Brentano.) 1924.

LOS MEJORES CUENTOS VENEZOLANOS. Barcelona: Editorial Cervantes. (New York: Brentano.) 1924.

Reviewed by HARRIET V. WISHNIEFF

MOST of the material in Signor Ghirardo's volume is rather trivial, and adds little of real interest to the figures dealt with. There is an excess of local color, and with the passing of time these tints have a way of fading rather streaky. But the two passages dealing with Juan Manuel Rosas and Dr. Francia, the two most eminent dictators of much-dictated South America, are really stimulating. Rosas was by far the more suggestive and human of the two tyrants. His bitterest enemy, Domingo F. Sarmiento, though there would have been many to dispute him the title, for the Supreme Dictator was "plenty" hated—has made him and his background live forever in his "Facundo, o Civilización y Barbarie en la República Argentina," from which the extract in this volume is taken. When Rosas finally fled, after his long years of absolute power, Sarmiento returned and helped to establish the Argentine of today along the lines of modern European civilization. He was one of its first presidents. But, in spite of the diametrical opposition of their ideas and ideals, Rosas and Sarmi-

ento were fashioned from the same clay; the same gaucho vehemence and tenacity animated the one for progress as the other for ambition to power. And this is why Sarmiento, to whom Rosas and all he upheld were anathema, was unable to keep out of his philippic a certain unuttered admiration for this *barbaro*, who was, notwithstanding, all a man.

Dr. Francia, on the other hand, was the subtle product of a theological preparation. But this training was merely augmentative of and not responsible for the complicated and casuistic perversion of his mind and methods, for the man was a neurotic, the victim of horrible melancholias. Only blood seemed to dispel the black brood of his ideas. Toward the end of his career, human victims apparently having grown scarce or insipid, he ordered a massacre of all the dogs in the city of Asuncion, and to effect it called out the government troops. And yet, almost a prisoner in his own palace, without a friend or counsellor, infirm and nearly mad, he kept Paraguay under the most complete tyranny for some twenty years. The analysis of his character and temperament included in this volume is highly interesting, and is from Dr. Ramos Mejia's biography of Francia, in which he studies him as a pathological case.

\* \* \*

Venezuela has, since the beginning of the past century, been one of South America's most potent centers of activity. She has produced some of the continent's most famous men of action and letters: Bolivar Paez, Andreas Bello, Baralt, Acosta. And today, despite the fact that her government is still in the hands of a dictator, and freedom of speech there has an ironic connotation, some of the boldest and most vigorous of modern South American writers are from Venezuela. (Some of them are far from Venezuelan.)

In this volume of short stories by Venezuelan writers of the day, an attempt has been made to give an example of the style and personality of the different authors. On the whole, the collection is entertaining. One of the two selections by Manuel Diaz Rodriguez, master stylist, called "Cuento Blanco," is full of a delicate emotion not too frequent in Spanish-American writing. The contributions of Rufino Blanco Fombona, probably the best known of the authors included, are familiar to most readers of Spanish. Though somewhat marred by the floridness of its lyrical interpolations, the story called "Los Abucelos," by Urbaneja Achelpol, is really a thrilling account of the struggles of the early conquerors and the Indians.

### Foreign Notes

THE first volume of what is to be a comprehensive study of the famous Spanish dramatist, Calderon, has recently come from the pen of Emilio Cotarelo y Mori, permanent Secretary of the Spanish Academy. His "Esayo sobre la Vida y Obras de D. Pedro Calderon de la Barca" (Madrid: Revista de Archivos) is a biographical sketch of the author which brings together the somewhat scanty facts of Calderon's life which investigation has so far brought to light. Incidentally it introduces considerable historical material along with a discussion of the state of the drama in Calderon's time. It is to be followed by three more volumes, of which one is to deal with his fame and influence, another with his plays, and a third is to be a bibliography.

The scene of Knut Hamsun's latest novel, "Siste Kapittel" (Christiania: Gyldendal), is laid in a sanatorium, where patients of varying ills fight the blackness of disease and death by visiting and drinking with each other. Even in the shadow of death traits and desires persist, and Hamsun's collection of men and women is shown in all their human consistencies and inconsistencies. The book does not rank with his greatest, but it is indisputably stamped with his power.

The work of the Italian Archaeological Mission to Italy has been under way for some years without a record of its achievements having been published. The first volume of memoirs has now appeared, written by Professor Schiaparelli, who states that the printing of it began before the outbreak of the War. This first volume, "Esplorazione della 'Valle delle Regine' nella Necropoli di Tebe" (Turin: Museo di Antichità), contains together with its account of the excavations a large number of magnificent illustrations.

(Continued on next page)

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## Reverdy and French Poetry

By JEAN CATEL.

THE scattered verse of Pierre Reverdy has been collected and edited by *La Nouvelle Revue Française* in one volume to which has been attributed the Nouveau Monde prize. He was practically unknown before. Some art essays and a poetical novel of his had attracted little notice. His poems had been published in limited *éditions de luxe* with woodcuts by Manolo and Derain and Picasso. Now they are available. Everybody may know whether indeed Pierre Reverdy is the greatest poet in France.

The verse and the prose poems given to the public extend from 1915 to 1922. In them we shall find all the particularities of an important period of French poetry. From this point of view the "Epaves du Ciel" will arrest the reader with some critical sense. It is the period when Dada was trying to undermine the traditional order of French verse. Arthur Rimbaud's "Illuminations" were but poor light to the extremists. The correspondences of Mallarmé's art were to them a beaten track, leading nowhere but to the romantic scenes of solitude and death. Dada played its tricks, some of which have left an exquisite fragrance in the air. But Dada has breathed its last, and Pierre Reverdy comes out of his silence with an acquired wealth of images and a subtle harmonization of rhythms. Reverdy owes much to Rimbaud, very little to Dada. (One is tempted to deny Dada any influence on French verse.) What does Reverdy give us?

Outwardly Reverdy's contribution to French prosody is not, after all, very important. In his book we find prose poems and *vers libre*, Rimbaud and the symbolists. We also find the typographical arrangement of lines which has become a clever, if not always effective, device with recent poets (Cummings, Josephson, in America). It is sometimes difficult to understand why Pierre Reverdy avoided the traditional typography, as for instance in

*Les objets familiers*  
*Les murs de couleur tendre*

which make a perfect Alexandrine if written side by side. Many instances could be given to support the thesis that the most common lines of French versification, the twelve and the eight syllable lines, are the very frame of Reverdy's body construction. A long poem, entitled "D'un Autre Ciel" owes its panting rhythm to the mixture of these two kinds of line:

*Un ami oublié me monte son visage*  
*Un lieu obscur*  
*Un ciel déteint*  
*Pays natal qui me revient tous les matins*  
*Le voyage fut long*  
*J'y laissai quelques plumes. . .*

The unit of such poems is often one of very traditional stamp. Of the use of the Alexandrine Reverdy draws remarkable effects. Coming after so-called free lines, a twelve-syllable line builds up a fence, as it were:

*Persone n'est venu me prendre par la main.*

*Le jour semble sortir lentement d'un étui.*

The fence very often is the frontier to the infinite, as was the custom with a forgotten school of French verse, the "Parnassiens," who are at present underestimated, though I shall not attempt a defence and illustration of their superficial poetry.

The Alexandrine in Reverdy has a fullness and a music rarely to be found among the traditional writers of French verse (see, for instance, the flatness of it in some poems of the anachronical "Revue des Poètes"). The unfinished Alexandrine is another device of Reverdy, as, for instance, in:

*La Chambre s'étendait bien plus loin que les murs*

*Alors on aurait pu m'atteindre ou même j'aurais pu tomber*

*Le Monde pour dormir se renversait,*

where the last ten-syllable line may be considered as an unfinished alexandrine, coming after the two regular eight-syllable lines preceded by a regular alexandrine. The effect of it is to create a sort of suspense, of instability, of breathless expectation significant of universal sleep.

I wish I had space to quote the numerous cases where the traditional form is broken or rather violated to obtain an effect, so that, in the end, many of Reverdy's typographical tricks should find their explanation. One is to be easily accounted for by his desire to give the mute its full music,

and it is a music of which very few readers (French or others) are aware:

*La cloche vide*  
*Les oiseaux morts.*

Sometimes there is no apparent reason for them. One has to fall back on the plastic explanation, that is to say the desire, to create a visual image, a building up of shapes and colors, something like an apparition ready to dissolve as soon as our rationalistic faculty touches it with its unhallowed finger.

Once we have detected the most common tricks of Pierre Reverdy's verse, we are glad to submit to them and let the spell work within us. For there is a spell, undeniably, in this poetry, such as we were no longer accustomed to find. Here, again, we have all the tragedy of existence which Arthur Rimbaud so magnificently celebrated in his "Illuminations." As a matter of fact "Les Epaves du Ciel" are genuine illuminations, in the mystical sense of the word. They are unreal bridges between reality and the soul. But they are not iron or stone bridges. They are made of light, of quivering and dazzling light. They burn, leaving no ashes, or, if they do, their ashes are still warm and hide a spark. Needless to say, it is only in some cases that the poet conveys to us his most intimate meaning. Often his meaning remains in the dark where nothing could bring light except an analysis, filling the blanks, adding the transitional stages, and (God forbid!) putting the time-worn signs of punctuation. But Reverdy would shrink in terror from such prosaic means. And he had rather leave his readers encompassed with darkness.

Some French readers will object to the lack of perfection, the importance given to the detail, the insufficient harmonization of the whole. The American reader should love two things in Pierre Reverdy's verse, the mystical interpretation of reality, and the imagistic quality of some of his visions. And now I shall attempt to give the first English translation of one of his shortest poems, hoping that it may suitably summarize all I have been trying to make clear:

*THE WALL SHADOW (1918)*  
*An eye transfixed by a pen*  
*A tear falling from the moon*  
*A lake*  
*The world squats in a sack*  
*The night*  
*The cypress trees make the same gesture*  
*In white the road underlines them*  
*The winter scene is blue*  
*The fingers tremble*  
*Two great squares that look alike*  
*The shadows dance in the middle*  
*Beasts that are unseen*  
*Voices*  
*All along the road*  
*It rains.*

### Foreign Notes

(Continued from preceding page)

The Comtesse Jean de Pange, a great-granddaughter of Madame de Staël in her "Le Beau Jardin" (Paris: Plon) has produced a novel that has more than its romantic interest to commend it. For it is as well as a charming if sober love tale an interesting and illuminating study of post-war Alsace. Madame de Pange depicts the essential contradiction between Alsace, bred in a religious tradition that still persists and France which would assimilate it and which for years now has been warring on religion. Across her canvas pass a succession of vivid and typical figures who embody the variant points of view of France and its recovered province.

In "Dante e Manzoni con un Saggio su Arte e Religione" (Florence: Vallecchi) Giovanni Gentile has brought together four essays published at various times as periodical articles which were well worth the preserving. The first two deal with Dante both as the man of politics and the poet and are rich in thought and suggestiveness. The third is an attempt to attribute the cause of Manzoni's greatness to his overwhelming concern with truth, and the last is a purely philosophical discussion.

A large collection of hitherto unknown letters of the brothers Grimm, collected by Hans Gürtler and edited by Albert Leitzmann, has just been issued in Germany under the title "Briefe der Brüder Grimm" (Jena: Frommannschen Buchhandlung). While frequently not of large intrinsic importance, they are all of interest as supplementing the autobiography, and as further displaying German scholarship at its best and mellowest. They are written in large part to fellow-philologists.

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Inquiries in regard to the selection of books and questions of like nature should be addressed to Mrs. Becker, c/o The Saturday Review.



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## A BALANCED RATION FOR WEEK-END READING.

THE GROWTH OF THE LAW. By BENJAMIN N. CARDOZA (Yale University Press).

THE SLAVE SHIP. By MARY JOHNSTON (Little, Brown).

FRANCIS WILSON'S LIFE OF HIMSELF (Houghton Mifflin).

When A. C., Moundville, W. Va., asked for "more books like 'Wind in the Willows' and 'Three Mulla Mulgars'" I was interested to know whether he made that combination because they were both juveniles, or about animals, or for cousinly qualities as literature. If I had more letters like this in reply, choosing "something to read" would be easier.

"ABOUT two-thirds of my library of 1,200 volumes are nature books," he says, "but as much of a lover of nature as I am I never liked the 'Black Beauty,' 'Beautiful Joe' sort of animal story. But I like Bonels's 'Maya the Bee' (Seltzer) and 'Heaven Folk' (Seltzer), also Olin Baker's 'Shasta of the Wolves' and 'Dusty Star' (Dodd, Mead), so I would say that it is the literary value of these books combined with nature that makes me like them. To further explain my reading complex I am giving you a small list of the books I like. Jensen's 'The Long Journey' (Knopf); Stewart Edward White's 'The Riverman' (Doubleday, Page) and all his lumber stories, also his 'Gold' (Doubleday, Page). All of Rex Beach's except 'The Auction Block.' Anything that Ralph D. Paine writes. Zane Grey for his descriptions. Mary Johnston's '1492' (Little, Brown). Rider Haggard's 'African Stories.' H. De Vere Stacpoole's 'The Blue Lagoon' and other South Sea stories. Charles Hanson Towne's 'Ambling Through Acadia' (Century). Stoddard's 'Shanks' Mare.' Anything by William Beebe. Sabatini's 'Captain Blood' (Houghton Mifflin). Irvin Cobb, Don Marquis and Mark Twain for humor. Stevenson's 'Treasure Island' (Scribner). Doyle's 'White Company' (Harper) and 'The Lost World' (Doran). Jules Verne's books. Winthrop Packard—all of him. Christopher Morley's 'Haunted Bookshop' (Doubleday, Page) and 'Where the Blue Begins' (Doubleday, Page). Richard Le Gallienne's 'Pieces of Eight' (Doubleday, Page)—but I won't take more of your time except to ask if you think that I would like Masfield's sea stories, none of which I have read, and two books announced for this Fall, Ponset's 'Romance of the River' and Dunsany's 'King of Elf-land's daughter.'"

I have added the publishers' names because as it stands this is a list of high and lasting value to a type of reader who often finds it difficult to define his needs to a bookseller.

A. C. has a treasure ahead in Masfield, more especially in his 'Lost Endeavor' (Macmillan), whose grave beauty sets it apart and above other tales of adventure on the sea. He is one of the special audience for whom George Ponset's 'Romance of the River' (Dodd, Mead) was written—grownups able to appreciate the fable for children, who take it at its face value as they do Gulliver. There is something of the purpose of Gulliver in this study of river life, with the fish preying on one another and man preying on them all, but the spirit is gay and imaginative, disillusioned but not savage. Also A. C. is one of the readers who will be safe in spending \$7.50, sight unseen, for Rockwell Kent's 'Voyaging' (Putnam). I should say that at a

moderate estimate it would be worth about \$750 to him. It is a better piece of book-making than 'Wilderness,' the woodcuts are even better, and the story of a journey around the Horn is fit to rank with the earlier account of a father and son in Alaskan solitude. Dunsany's 'King of Elf-land's Daughter' (Putnam) begins like any fairytale and so continues until on the 47th page you find with a gasp that you are sharing the Elf King's concern over the fate of his daughter who must live in the world of time, and realize that you have been for the moment lifted altogether out of time, and made to feel, like the angel in Yeats's 'Hour Glass,' weary with its weight. From there on the tale grows ever more absorbing; it will rank with anything he has done.

The lover of Ralph D. Paine should know that he has just produced in 'Joshua Barney: a Forgotten Hero of Blue Water' (Century), a dashing romance of real life, all true and as unbelievable as American personal history can so often manage to be. Barney was a wonder, whether he was escaping from prison or driving a strange ocean course. Also there is a new Stacpoole, 'Golden Ballast' (Dodd, Mead), which gives a new twist to the hidden-treasure story, and Olin Baker has written 'Thunder Boy' (Dodd, Mead) about American Indians.

The Guide is open for further suggestions from readers for this list. I have my eye on it for the next edition of 'A Reader's Guide Book' (Holt).

T. W., New York, asks for a list of books on the Shakespeare-Bacon question.

IN 'The Greatest of All Literary Problems' (Houghton Mifflin, 1915) James Phinney Baxter swept the field from the beginning to that date, explained the points at issue, told all the ciphers and other complications and gave a bibliography. This is out of print but is no doubt in large library collections. Ignatius Donnelly's 'Great Cryptogram' (1888) and 'The Cipher in the Plays and on the Tombstone' (1899) are out of circulation, but Andrew Lang's 'Shakespeare, Bacon and the Great Unknown' is still on the lists of Longmans, Green. Books are still being added to this curious literature, and like Alice's experiences, they grow curiouseer and curiouseer. Walter C. Arensberg has one on 'The Cryptography of Shakespeare' (Bowen, Los Angeles, 1922) that makes my head swim: you start anywhere and figure until it works out into Bacon's signature; it always does. Natalie Rice Clark has found 'Bacon's Dial in Shakespeare' (Stewart, Kidd, 1922); what with acrostics and dials and Hamlets and Novum Organum I do not see how he found time for meals. But then, some cross-word addicts manage to eat now and again, even today. The latest book I have read is 'Shakespeare Identified' (Stokes)—as Edward De Vere, seventeenth Earl of Oxford—by Thomas J. Looney.

(Continued on following page)

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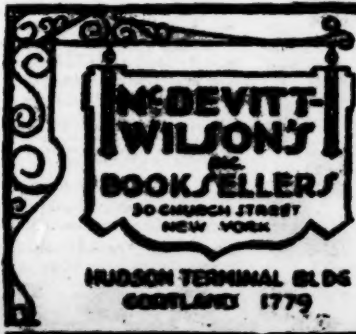
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**Good Books**

## Points of View

### The Golden Egg

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW:  
SIR:

In reply to Mrs. Blair Niles's letter of October 18th about the coming discussion between Sven Hedin and Professor Ossendowski over the truth of "Men, Beasts, and Gods," a discussion which she says "all travel writers must welcome," may I add another point of view, that of a certain class of readers of travel books, or perhaps, the view of just one reader?

To my mind it is not important at all whether Professor Ossendowski has "killed the goose" for the writers of Travelers' Books. It is important, though, that he has in the true, romantic, or imaginative narrative he presents,—I do not care which,—succeeded most emphatically in presenting the reader not only with a golden egg but a whole nest full of them.

Never having been, and never expecting to be in either Mongolia or Tibet, I cannot possibly judge whether Sven Hedin or Ossendowski, either or both, are telling whoppers, but I do know that to me Sven Hedin is most drear reading, whereas Ossendowski is both exciting and charming. Even taking for granted that "Men, Beasts, and Gods," is a bit long-bowish, because a man is an inventor, that is nothing against his prose. As to such heresies as this: "It is only the green traveler who has adventures; the experienced traveler guards against them,"—what does Mrs. Niles think the public reads travel books for? Prester John and Marco Polo, as it has lately been realized, did tell us many facts, but after all it is the divers wonders and marvelous adventures of the said worthies in far countries that account for their age-long popularity. Marco Polo was regarded for centuries as the Prince of Liars, but I have never heard that that kept him from being a perennial best seller.

We are also told, still speaking of travel authors, that—"their excuse for being lies in the sincerity of the pictures they bring to those who depend upon them for their excursions into worlds which in all probability they will never otherwise see." If that is true, why is a little trip into the world of the imagination, which otherwise they will in all probability never otherwise see, not equally beneficial for the readers? Not one in a million of the readers of "Mongolian Travels" will actually adventure over the author's path save in his pages. If they are entertained and enlivened along the route by a few well-chosen marvels without—why not? Professor Ossendowski has given us some fine landscapes full of mystery and ancient terror, some strangely splendid adventures, and a sense of the reality of magic. Now he is to be publicly baited or debated as to his "truth"! As Mrs. Niles admits, "Most of the earth is pretty well known." For my part, I am thankful to Ossendowski for his unknown country, and the inimitable King of the Underworld.

Furthermore, although travelers have always been notorious liars, their readers have generally been in direct proportion to their talent for prevarication. Why, then, this sudden necessity for "truth" in order to hold the public for travel books? It will be well for Mrs. Niles to remember the Roman gentleman's query and the, perhaps to him, dreary fact that Munchausen will in all probability be remembered long after the accurate Mr. H. M. Tomlinson shall have joined the majority. The point is that there are and always will be "Books of Travel" and "Travelers' Books." I am sorry for the publishers of the latter who may find their honest goose cooked by the former, but for my part, give me golden eggs or give me geography, à la Carpenter.

HERVEY ALLEN.

### "Some Do Not"

To the Editor of The Saturday Review:  
SIR:

The novel, "Some Do Not," by Ford Madox Ford was recommended to me by the late John Quinn. He said: "It is the greatest modern novel in English literature." Mr. Quinn was not given to exaggerations in evaluating books, so his opinion impressed me and I took the first opportunity I could to read it.

I do not know if it is the greatest modern novel in English literature, but certainly it is one of the greatest. I have since advised some friends to read it and without exception they share Mr. Quinn's and my enthusiasm.

I was, therefore, greatly surprised, and

I must say chagrined, to read the review of "Some Do Not" by Joseph Wood Krutch which you published. It not only gives no idea of the book, it does worse, it gives a false idea of it. Mr. Krutch says that "passion makes a work of art and anger destroys it." Ford was angry when he wrote this novel. Hence he did not produce a work of art.

Was it not Juvenal who said something to the effect that if nature denies he will let his indignation write his verses for him? And anger must have done pretty well for him, seeing that we still read his satires today.

But if Mr. Krutch saw nothing but anger in "Some Do Not," if he did not see passion, if he was not stirred by the deep human emotion which pervades the book throughout, and did not perceive the consummate art with which it is conveyed, it surely is not the fault of the novel. It is an angry novel, says Mr. Krutch. It is an angry review, surely. And well may Mr. Krutch be angry, if in a novel of such extraordinary quality he sees nothing but "the anger of a personally disappointed man."

Why is Ford angry? Because, explains Mr. Krutch, he did not receive the recognition as a man of letters which he thinks is due him. Mr. Krutch needed only to read the extracts from the reviews of this novel in the leading English papers, which the American publisher prints on the jacket, to see that this theory has no basis in fact. How many novels within the last ten years have received such high praise? I do not know of more than two or three.

It is an unjust review. Why was Mr. Krutch so angry?

Yours very truly,  
HERBERT C. FULLER.

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## The Reader's Guide

(Continued from preceding page)

W. S., New Jersey, asks what book I recommended some time ago to parents for sex instruction.

"SEX FOR PARENTS AND TEACHERS," published by Macmillan, because it is lucid, explicit and unsentimental. But a new book has recently been published that covers the subject more thoroughly and from more points of view than any other, and will no doubt take its place in the equipment of teachers and social workers generally. This is "Sex and Social Health," by T. W. Galloway, published by the American Social Hygiene Association.

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# The World of Rare Books

By FREDERICK M. HOPKINS

## ARTIFICIAL RARITY

BOTH publishers and authors have been trying to take advantage of the general interest in modern first editions and many attempts have been and are being made to create an artificial or forced rarity and profit by it. Ernest Boyd recently discussed this tendency in a very illuminating article in *The Independent*.

He pointed out that the difficulty in procuring a book in the state desired, by an author of high standing, is usually the explanation of the value placed upon first editions of modern authors. This present business of manufacturing a limited number of copies to make them rare in advance defeats its own end, because such copies are never dispersed, lost, or destroyed in the ordinary process of time. The result is that nothing is easier to find than a limited autographed edition of George Moore, Joseph Conrad, and others whose first editions are collected.

He also made it clear that many rare book dealers carry these limited first editions in stock, but cannot produce so easily copies of the early works of these men, which

have really become scarce through the accidents of time, coupled with the fact that originally small editions were printed, since no great demand was anticipated. The dealers have to subscribe to these limited editions to satisfy their less intelligent customers and to protect themselves against the cornering of some particular book by a rival. Privately, however, they grumble, because they do not always dispose of the copies which they order, and they are under no illusion as to the scarcity of such artificial rarities. Furthermore, they know that this is not book collecting, and the ultimate effect will be to discourage persons who might otherwise become true bibliophiles.

Mr. Boyd finds consolation, as a bibliophile, in that, whatever books of today may seem precious in fifty or a hundred years, those prematurely clothed in vellum or large paper will not, *ipso facto*, be among the number. While this trade flourishes, the collector may pick up quietly the works about which posterity will be curious, and will accentuate the difference between the collector who has initiative and judgment and the mere follower of the latest fashion.

## AMY LOWELL AS COLLECTOR

THE publication of Amy Lowell's "Life of John Keats" has been deferred until early next year owing to the discovery of new material which she wishes to use. The beginning of the present biography was a commemorative address on the one hundredth anniversary of Keats's death, delivered at Yale University in February, 1921. The unexpected wealth of material discovered in the preparation of this address led her to the conclusion that there should be a new biography of the poet. Continued researches induced her to undertake the task. Miss Lowell, it should be remembered, has been a Keats collector for many years and has one of the largest, if not the largest collections of Keats material in existence. On the death of Frederick Locker-Lampson she purchased the Rowfant Library Keats Collection, and has been adding to it year by year ever since. Among other things she possesses over forty letters of Keats to various correspondents, including a number hitherto unpublished, and something like fourteen manuscripts and poems, some first drafts, others copies made by Keats himself. Among these are the first draft of "The Eve of St. Agnes"; the first draft and the first copy of "The Ode to Autumn"; the first draft of the "On Looking into Chapman's Homer" sonnet; unknown and canceled passages from "Lamia";

some unpublished or partly published poems. She has also five books from Keats's library, containing some interesting annotations, and the annotations in these volumes, together with others found in other collections, are to form one of the appendices of the new biography.

## NOTE AND COMMENT

THE fifth volume in the Centaur Book Shop's series of bibliographies will be a "Bibliography of Carl Van Vechten," by Scott Cunningham.

\* \* \*

The Brooklyn Museum has issued a catalogue of the drawings of Aubrey Beardsley which were shown in the museum last November and December.

\* \* \*

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"Is John Smith within?"  
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"Can he set a shoe?"  
"Aye, marry, two.  
Here a nail, there a nail  
Tick, tack, too."

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## The Phoenix Nest

"WELL, children," we said, coming out on the porch of our Connecticut domicile, and smiling at the Princess, "This is the children's number of the *Saturday Review*!" But the young Arabian creatures had disappeared for diverse diversions. So we sat down by the Princess. "Here," we said, opening a book, is Champlin's 'New Young Folks Cyclopedia.' We thought we would read them something instructive." The Princess looked up from Huxley's 'Young Archimedes.' "One," she said, "has disappeared with Tony Sarg's book, another with 'The Wonderful Adventures of the Little Green Duck,' and I think that the eldest is reading *Ralph Henry Barbour*. I'm afraid your instructive hour will have to wait." "I am afraid then that it will," we sighed, focussing our attention upon the last sentence of a school essay by one of the young creatures on her "Reasons for Learning to Read." She had written: "If people who don't know how to read go to an elevator that says up and down and they couldn't read which button to push they might go up instead of down." "A practical application indeed," we mused. "How modernism invades the Home!" Then we opened our brief-case and set to work.

"Number Two Joy Street," upon a swift perusal, has pleased us with a new moral poem by Belloc, fully illustrated, and we see that two editors of our own inestimable publication have written forewords for recent books. Christopher Morley's foreword is to Grace Gaike's 'Recitations Old and New for Boys and Girls'; Henry Seidel Canby's is to a new book of poems by Daniel Henderson, entitled 'A Harp in the Winds.' Reference to the first reminds us somehow of Stevenson, since Morley is so fond of Stevenson, and therefore of *The Horn Book*, published four times a year by the Bookshop for Boys and Girls in Boston. The October number of *The Horn Book* contains what to us is a wonderful announcement—namely, that from the very shop which Robert Louis visited as a child, an out-of-the-way little shop in London where for years they have made toy theatres, these same toy theatres that Stevenson referred to as "a penny plain and twopence coloured," are now being procured by the B for Bs and Gs (the address, by the way, is 270 Boylston street—write to Miss Bertha E. Mahony). Here are toy theatres rich in tradition, from an old shop in a narrow cobbled street, whose windows display candies, stationery, toys, games, and a contented, friendly, but unlovely cat (not for sale). Not that the Bookshop for Boys and Girls is thus, but such is the London shop where the theatres are made, and the colored sheets of characters. The Bookshop for Boys and Girls simply imports them, and already the demand for them has been overwhelming. We don't wonder. If there is anything more fun than a toy theatre we don't know what it may be.

But speaking of Boston bookshops, we must give thanks to Miss Geraldine Gordon for sending us news of her Lending Library. This is "The Venturer Library" (The Sign of the Ship) which blooms from October to June at 28 Warren Street, Boston. (From June to October Miss Gordon withdraws to Peterborough, New Hampshire, where "The Venturer" blooms anew through the summer.) Here is another shop where there is no bustle

and hurry; just well-chosen books and tea; and you remember, as Miss Gordon points out, that it was on the 16th of May, 1763, that young Boswell "enjoying a dish of tea" in the back room of a bookshop in Covent Garden, first met the great Doctor Johnson. Think who you, perhaps, might meet!

James Shute, who designed the scenery for "You and I," has made the illustrations for a volume of "One Act Plays for Young Folks" by Moritz Jagendorf. Each play is accompanied by a drawing of the stage-setting, which Mr. Shute designed for the production of these works at "The Children's Playhouse," 120 East 40th Street. Four of the plays will be given this winter.

Old Tom Daly has written a charming book about his wife and children in "Herself and the House Full." It is illustrated by One of the Young Dalys, who can certainly draw! The Little Book House at Nantucket, Massachusetts, which is now exulting in Tony Sarg's book for children with its Nantucket background, tells us that its July best-seller list ran thus, "Cross Word Puzzle Book," May Sinclair's "The Dark Night," "Saint Joan," "Nantucket and Other Poems," "Moby Dick," "Told by an Idiot," "Pepys' Diary." Later on "So Big" and "The Little French Girl" climbed to the top of the list, and in September Tony Sarg's Book led by a length, with "A Passage to India" second. This shop now has a mail order service, specializing in out-of-print and out-of-the-ordinary books, old prints and maps. Some of the best items are procured from London.

Next February, we are glad to hear, Boni & Liveright will publish A. Donald Douglas's novel, "The Grand Inquisitor." Pascal d'Angelo's "A Son of Italy" ought to be out now, through Macmillan. Pascal originally tended sheep in the uplands of Abruzzi. He tells impressively the story of his childhood in Italy and his experiences as an American laborer on the roads. He taught himself to read English, and by his own efforts unaided has made himself into a remarkably good poet. Carl Van Vechten sends us a clipping from the *Cedar Rapids Gazette*, along with the quite immortal remark, "I left this place as Gareth—but I have returned as the Countess!" He wafts us maple leaves from "Maple Valley." If you are interested in old voyages, read Arthur Sturges Hildebrandt's "Magellan." Hal Smith tells us that there is a rather tragic story connected with "Hilly." He says: "He sailed from Iceland, August 10th, with Bill Nutting on a 40-ft. cutter headed for Greenland and the U. S. A. and has completely disappeared since then. . . . I don't know of a better job of imaginative reconstruction (than this book) and if that particular chapter dealing with Magellan's final passage through the Straits doesn't make the hair wave on the top of your scalp you have certainly changed since I first knew you." It did! We thank K. W. Tibbals of Swarthmore College, who writes a nice letter to the Phoenix, and sends us an ancestral coat of arms on which is a Phoenix rampant with the pretty motto, "Expirans Aspiro." October 31st was Don Dickerman's Ghouls' and Goblins' Hallowe'en Ball, to which he sent us a gloriously rhetorical invitation. And so, hoping you all had a tremendous Hallowe'en, we close with reluctance. W. R. B.

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